LIFE



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"But you see lots of smoking cars on the road."

"And frequently this smoke comes from unnecessary engine wear—wear that a good oil like Insulated Havoline would have prevented."

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"That means Havoline is extra-tough . . . especially processed to protect your motor at any operating temperature. Havoline is distilled too . . . free from carbon-forming impurities that steal gas and rob your car of power. Change to Insulated Havoline today . . . before *your* car begins to smoke!"

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RECOGNIZE THESE FOLKS? They're the people next door, and your friends up the street. They're here to remind you that riding around with empty seats is a peacetime luxury. And this is war! Sure . . . you've heard "this is war" a thousand times. But do you really *know* what it means? It means *more* than sugar and gas rationing.

Do you know that even our Army is finding ways to do its job with less rubber? Do you know that combat tires are being reduced in rubber content to the very minimum?

Makes you think a little, doesn't it? Makes you ashamed of scuffing away what little we have left, by speeding, swerving corners, slamming brakes, and needless trips. Makes you *want* to fill those extra seats . . . or thumb a ride yourself!

And don't kid yourself into thinking this thing is temporary! Or that synthetic rubber is going to take care of you.

Over two years ago we at B. F. Goodrich were *first* to sell tires made with synthetic rubber to the American public. Because of this leadership, we know as much about synthetic rubber as anyone else in the country. And *we're* walking, or taking buses, or doubling up—right here in Akron.

It's *true* hundreds of people and companies bought our synthetic rubber tires. It's *true* the performance of these tires under all sorts of road and driving conditions all over the country proved them equal to those of natural rubber.

But that doesn't add up to tires for *you*—or for us. Not while our Army and our Navy are short of rubber! Not while our armed forces need every ounce of crude rubber that can be obtained—every pound of synthetic that can be produced.

This war is different . . . we're *all* in it. And the sooner we all know it, the better. We expect to be selling you Silvertown Tires again. We intend to keep them the best on the road.

But right now there's a bigger job to do. We're not going to shirk it, and we know you're not!

IMPORTANT! *America right now needs scrap rubber of all kinds . . . your old tires, old rubbers, old boots. Turn them over to the scrap collection agencies.*

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This One
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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

NEGROES AT WAR

Sirs:

Since I am personally engaged in the problem, as executive director of the Committee on Discrimination in Employment in the New York State War Council, I was naturally delighted with your splendid article, Negroes at War (LIFE, June 15).

The facts as stated by you in behalf of those sidetracked Americans will, I am sure, greatly aid the work of this Committee.

ANDREW C. DOYLE
New York, N. Y.

Sirs:

This is to express my appreciation for your splendid pictorial article, Negroes at War. It is articles such as this which will go far in building up confidence, morale and patriotism in our country. I am recommending that every one in my congregation get a copy while they can, and keep it.

JOHN H. EDWARDS
Rector
St. Luke's Church
New Haven, Conn.

Sirs:

How in the name of God do you expect to contribute to the promotion of unity in this country when you display pictures of white women working under the supervision of Negro men, while in the same article you excuse the degraded actions of Lincoln in sending Negro troops against the homes of those people who had raised them. Why remind the Southern people of an injustice as foul as any Hitler ever conceived?

Your Negro war article is inflammatory to the point of treason.

R. J. DIVINE
Covington, Ky.

Sirs:

This portrayal of the Negro during the present war should serve as an incentive to all races and creeds to unify their efforts for victory.

R. A. BILLINGS, M.D.
National President
Phi Beta Sigma Fraternity
Atlanta, Ga.

Sirs:

One old veteran, here at this facility, became very much excited at seeing the colors of Harlem's 369th. "That's my outfit, the old 15th," he said.

E. G. ROBERTS, M.D.
Veterans Facility
Tuskegee, Ala.

Sirs:

Many thanks for your very fine article and accompanying photographs.

In spite of the often unhappy treatment we have received, both in and out of government, we know that this is our America, we want to do our share. We carry on, knowing that our staunchest friends are America's finest citizens.

WILLIAM C. SMITH
Attorney
Detroit, Mich.

Sirs:

. . . I hope that as the war continues and during the peace settlement afterward, LIFE will see fit to do more articles along this line. It is extremely important that the white press does not forget the Negro after his cooperation in this war is no longer necessary for its successful prosecution.

JOHN A. DAVIS
New York, N. Y.

NEGROES IN THE NAVY

Sirs:

In your essay, Negroes at War, you state that Negroes could serve in the U. S. Navy only as messmen. In this you are partly in error. Naval enlistment was closed to Negroes in 1922. Then in 1932 the bars were dropped because the Navy stopped recruiting Filipinos as messmen, and Negroes were accepted for that service. However, Negroes who were already in the Navy continued in the ranks they held prior to the time when enlistments were closed to them.

Picture, herewith, shows (*left to right*) Commissary Steward Rollins, Chief Machinist Mate Mitchell and Chief Commissary Steward Strivers. Negroes started serving in the Navy under Admiral Perry in the battle of Lake Erie and one escorted Admiral Peary to the North Pole.





CHIEF PETTY OFFICERS

FRANK A. YOUNG
Chicago *Defender*
Chicago, Ill.

NEW MEXICO'S 200TH

Sirs:

Here is a picture of Governor John E. Miles of New Mexico (*left*) and Brigadier General R. C. Charlton, the State's adjutant general, as they view the marker of the 200th Coast Artillery (AA), which was placed on the State House lawn in Santa Fe and dedicated on June 14, after removal from Fort Bliss where it designated the location of the 200th during its training period.

The 200th went on to serve in the Battle of the Philippines. On April 21 came word that, with the exception of three officers and 104 men who escaped to Corregidor, the whole of New Mexico's 200th was captured by the Japs, the largest number of men from a single State to meet that fate. With the fall of Corregidor, the remainder of the New Mexico outfit has now fallen into Jap hands.



MEMORIAL FOR 200TH

KENNETH ALLEN
Santa Fe, N. Mex.

SEADOG

Sirs:

Seadogs are shocked by the lubber who married the seagoing language in the caption under Winslow Homer's splendid painting, *Eight Bells* (LIFE, June 15). He says that the captain on the "quarterdeck" wields a "sextant," while his mate reads a "chronometer."

A chronometer is a device for calculating Greenwich time and thus the navigator's longitude. Not by the wildest circumstance will one ever be found in use elsewhere than inside its capo-

(continued on p. 4)

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Every adult in Kings Row knew that a human face can become a "mask"—hiding secrets, lust, ambition. But fourteen-year-old PARRIS MITCHELL took people at face value! He liked affectionate Renee. He loved his girl-crazy pal, Drake McHugh. He trusted Jamie Wakefield, who wrote poems and whom people secretly called "too pretty for a boy."

Cassie Tower, the town's prettiest girl, he thought "strange." She was always kept at home by her father, a physician who lived mysteriously well without patients. But PARRIS learned cold-blooded Dr. Gordon, whose patients' hearts were so often found "too weak for disinfection." Once Parris heard (and never forgot) the frightful screams from a farmhouse, when Dr. Gordon's buggy was there!

Through his sensitive reaction to people, PARRIS developed the intuition of a born doctor. He discovered that each person faced the town of Kings Row through a protective mask—hiding a sickness of mind or soul, a gnawing fear, a paralyzing inferiority complex, or a wherewithal vice. And later, as DOCTOR Parris Mitchell (equipped as a psychiatrist by 5 years' study in Vienna) he helped them take off their masks!

"A Powerful and Passionate Book"

How their masks were removed and how tangled lives met in thrilling conflict, is an extraordinary story—gripping in intensity, exciting in action, fascinating in suspense. Meet the revered doctor, practicing his concealed sadism; the district attorney, pursuing his schoolboy hatreds to the bitter end, in one case to the gallows; the town grave-digger with his gleeful private way of hocking at a man's neck; the sensible, earthy priest; the kind villagers; and the handful of broad-visioned pioneers who had founded Kings Row.

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Here is a truly great American novel—packed with Kings Row's charm, zest, ambitions, passions, loves, hates, hypocrisies, tragedies, comedies and, sometimes, nameless horrors! The N. Y. Times called Kings Row "a grand yarn, full of the sap of life. Eventful, swift." The N. Y. Herald Tribune said, "Rich in sentiment, emotional, powerfully felt—a moving, passionate book."

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RACHEL—who stripped Prince Bonnafe of just one German $1.00 too many!

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"That's how it was uotil I hired *Fred MacMurray* to 'TAKE A LETTER, DARLING.' Everythiog was strictly busioess. Until that week-eod wheo we went to my cabin to . . . er . . . work. And I fell—but hard!—for the lioe I hired him to sliog to other womeo.

"That gives you ao idea of what **'TAKE A LETTER, DARLING'** is about. It has all the laughs and love and lightoess that mark all of Producer-Director Mitchell Leiseo's hits. TIME Magazioe says: 'Very fuooy—full-dress comedy'."



It's love that makes the world go 'roood and 'roood. That's whatmakes *Liz Cugat* aod *George Cugat* so delightfully dizzy io Paramount's glorious, uproarious comedy of how to be happy though married, very appropriately called, **"ARE HUSBANDS NECESSARY?"** *Betty Field* and *Ray Milland* are the happy couple, and we guarantee that the laughs are the infectious kiod. *From the best-selling novel "Mr. & Mrs. Cugat."*

Some time ago we promised you that Cecil B. DeMille's **"REAP THE WILD WIND"** io Techoicolor, would be one of the all-time "greats" of the spectacle screeo. Advance engagemeots more than prove us right. It's no less thao sensatiooal.



If you haveo't seeo it yet, hy all meaos do so. If you have, you'll prohably waot to see it agaio. Yes, it's that good!

Paramount Star Parade

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS
(continued)

cially constructed container always indoors aboard ship. There certainly is no chronometer depicted in the painting.

The navigation instruments shown are probably quadrants rather than sextants, both serve the same technical purpose. One seaman is shooting the sun (measuring the angle of the sun above the horizon) while the second mariner reads the calibrated scale on his quadrant, having already just shot the sun.

Finally, it would be a rare and fancy fishing schooner that could boast a quarterdeck.

CASEY DAVISON

Tacoma, Wash.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Sirs:

I would like to draw your attention to an error in the map of Germany which was published in the story of the bombing of Cologne (LIFE, June 15).

The Czechoslovak Republic is marked on the map as a part of Germany, whereas all the other occupied nations of Europe are correctly designated as the countries under the Nazi occupation.

The Government of the United States recognizes Czechoslovakia as it existed prior to the partition at Munich and to the conquest in March 1939. Consequently, Czechoslovakia should not be inserted as a part of Germany, which is the Nazi claim.

JOSEF HANČ
Czechoslovak Information Service
New York, N. Y.

● Map showed Germany as of Sept. 1, 1939 and included Austria as well in the black German area. LIFE concedes no Nazi claims.—ED.

HULA GIRL

Sirs:

Here is a hula girl, Lei Mamo Sousa, who is not fazed by the inconveniences of war. She was a member of a USO hula



GIRL BREATHES FRESH AIR



SHE PUTS ON MASK TO DANCE

troupe which visited our station recently and may well be considered as an example by the USO girls you have been displaying in LIFE.

WILLIAM B. TOWSLEY
San Francisco, Calif.



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ATHLETE'S FOOT
...BY KILLING ALL FIVE FUNGI



Now it has been shown that Athlete's Foot is usually caused by one or several of *five* fungi or "germs." Obviously—to give you relief—you want a preparation that kills *all five* fungi.

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And Soretone is inexpensive, 50c. or $1 for a bottle which contains 50% more liquid than the average. So, if you have Athlete's Foot, don't temporize get Soretone!

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KEEP 'EM FIRING!



KEEP 'EM FIRING! Every skilled craftsman in the Oldsmobile cannon arsenal is wholeheartedly in partnership with our fighting men. Producing to the limit so they'll have more tools to fight with! Producing with precision to uphold their accuracy! Working to help win this war!

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YOU MUST DO THE RUNNING BROAD JUMP IN COMPETITION WITH THE BOYS

SPEAKING OF PICTURES . . .

. . . HERE IS A GIRL'S GUIDE FOR ENTERTAINING SOLDIERS

What you see here is a new pattern of entertainment for girls who visit their soldier friends in U. S. Army camps. All over the country girls are finding it a patriotic pleasure to brighten the lives of these boys, but they are also finding it no pink tea. Stiff training makes the boys husky. They are full of vim. They are full of fun. For a girl to keep up with their fun is very hard work. But this hard work has its rewards in the form of warm masculine appreciation.

The young lady proving here that she can take it for Uncle Sam is 21-year-old Marjorie Woolworth of Hollywood. Marjorie was snapped by LIFE's photographer while visiting some of her soldier friends stationed near a Southern California beach. Though she is a person of increasing importance in the movie world—this month Hal Roach is releasing her first starring picture, *The Devil With Hitler*—Marjorie did not go Hollywood on the boys. Instead of signing autographs or dining with officers, she jumped into her bathing suit like a good sport. Whatever the boys did, Marjorie did, or tried to do. LIFE herewith presents these pictures as a guide to other girls involved in this type of war effort.



YOU MUST USE WHATEVER YOUR BOY FRIENDS PROVIDE FOR A BATHHOUSE



YOU MUST JOIN HANDS WITH SOLDIERS AND DASH INTO CHILLY SURF, SQUEALING HAPPILY



YOU MUST TRAMP ALONG HOT ROADS IN OVERALLS THAT MAY NOT FLATTER YOUR FIGURE



"KEEP 'EM RINGING"

THE Liberty Bell is ringing again —throughout this militant land.

But it's not just one bell that rings today.

Tens of thousands of them are clanging "right of way for the U. S. A." as the troop trains roll, as freight trains bring together at the war plants every sort of raw material, and as they speed tanks, guns, planes and munitions from assembly lines to our fighting forces.

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The size of that job is constantly increasing as ships are withdrawn from domestic service and as rubber-tired traffic turns more and more to the rails. To handle a growing job, railroads have bought and built more cars and locomotives, and would like to get still more. Other national needs for critical materials, however, have made it impossible for them to get as much new equipment as they would like. But you can count on it — the railroads will make the best use of what they have and what they can get. You can count on it — they'll keep up their all-out effort toward the great objective — to keep America working, to keep America fighting, to keep America free.



ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS
WASHINGTON, D. C.

SPEAKING OF PICTURES
(continued)



You must play follow the leader running along a railroad track. Although she was no match for soldiers in more athletic games, Marjorie held her own in this maneuver.



You must like Army food, as Marjorie does, piling her mess kit high. She doesn't have to worry about rations, because soldiers get all the sugar, butter and jam they want.



You must eat with soldiers at open-air tables. Here Marjorie found the swim and exercise on bench gave her an appetite which could be killed only by second helpings.









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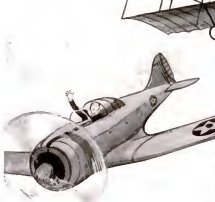


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BEECH-NUT

The Modern King Size Cigarette

LIFE'S COVER



To celebrate this nation's first Independence Day as a belligerent in World War II, the covers of 300 magazines are carrying the American Flag. Sponsored by National Publishers Association, this gesture is a salute to the flag that is the symbol of a nation and of freedom. This issue of LIFE tells of the men and women at Harrodsburg (*p. 11*) and in the Fighting South (*p. 17*) who through courage and blood are preserving our freedom. In recognition of the publishing industry's action, the U. S. Flag Association will award the Cross of Honor for best cover.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

Vol. 13, No. 1

LIFE

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

July 6, 1942

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CONTENTS

THE WEEK'S EVENTS

"Then Conquer We Must" 13
"Missing in Action" 15
LIFE on the Newsfronts of the World 22
Allied Tanker Burns off Florida Coast 23
Subs Continue Their Heavy Toll along Atlantic Seaboard 24
Struggle for Sevastopol Makes War's Bloodiest Battle Is Old 25
First Casualties of War in Alaska Arrive Home 28
U. S. Girls in Uniform Help Make Weapons of War 41
Lease-Lend Aid Reaches U. S. S. R. by Roads through Iran 45

CLOSE-UP

Donald Nelson, by Noel F. Busch 72

PHOTOGRAPHIC ESSAY

The Fighting South 57

ART

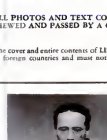
LIFE's Art Competition for Men in the Armed Forces 38

OTHER DEPARTMENTS

Letters to the Editors 2
Speaking of Pictures: A Girl's Guide for Entertaining Soldiers 6
Roll of Honor 52
LIFE Goes to a Military Prep School Commencement 84
Pictures to the Editors 90

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LIFE'S PHOTOGRAPHER

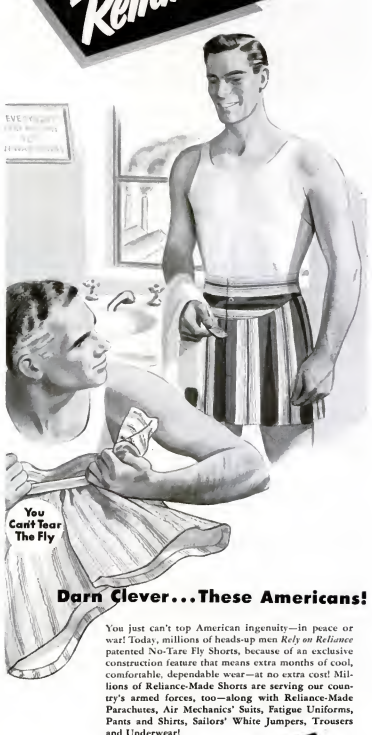
When Photographer Andreas Feininger arrived at Sergeant Alvin York's Tennessee mountain store while taking his pictures of the Fighting South (*pp. 57–71*), a shooting match was about to begin. Feininger likes to shunt and he couldn't resist the impulse to join in. Using an ancient muzzle-loader that was fired at the Battle of New Orleans in 1815, he beat several of York's mountaineer neighbors, but lost out to York's 12-year-old son (*p. 69*).

The following list, page by page, shows the source from which each picture in this issue was gathered. Where a single page is indebted to several sources credit is recorded picture by picture (*left to right, top to bottom*), and line by line (*lines separated by dashes*) unless otherwise specified.

COVER—DMITRI KESSEL
2—P. A. YOUNG *for* CHICAGO DEFENDER —NEW MEXICO STATE TOURIST BUREAU
6, 7, 9—JOHNNY FLORea
13, 14—HORACE BRISTOL
15—WILLIAM C. SHROUT
16—BOB LEAVITT
17—WILLIAM C. SHROUT
18—WILLIAM C. SHROUT—*cen. lt.* DAVIS H. CRITTON—WILLIAM C. SHROUT
19—WILLIAM C. SHROUT *exc. ctr.* DAVIS H. CRITTON (2)
20—WILLIAM C. SHROUT—LOUISVILLE COURIER-JOURNAL — WILLIAM C. SHROUT, DAVIS H. CRITTON (2)
21—WILLIAM C. SHROUT
23—DMITRI KESSEL
24—ST. A. COAST GUARD *from* ACME
25—MARIE HANSEN
26, 27—*Drawing by* TED KAUFFER
28, 29—PATHE NEWS
30—MYRON H. DAVIS
41, 42, 43, 44—J. R. EYERMAN
49, 50—INT.
52—*Drawing by* BORIS ARTZYBASHEFF—ACME—OFFICIAL PHOTO—U. S. ARMY AIR FORCES, OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTO—OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTO
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60, 61—FERNANDO A. BOURGES
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63 *through* 71—ANDREAS FEININGER
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75, 76—TROY D. MCAVOY
82—JACKIE MARTIN
83—GORDON GINTER
84 *through* 89—K. CHESTER
90—*Int.* CERNEA PHOTO
92—*T.* OLAN MILLS

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Life Insurance for the Family Man



MANY A MAN with a wife and children has asked:

How Can I Use Life Insurance Most Effectively for the Protection of My Family?

As your life insurance agent will tell you, most every family man should arrange his life insurance to provide *two-way* protection: 1. Insurance protection payable to his wife no matter when he dies. 2. *Extra insurance* protection for the first 15 or 20 years—until each child becomes self-supporting.

How family men in different circumstances can accomplish this *double* job is outlined below . . .



1. IF YOU ALREADY HAVE adequate whole life insurance for your wife, then a term policy for 15 or 20 years is an excellent method for providing *extra* protection you may need during that period when your children are growing and unable to support themselves. In that way you get temporary protection at a low premium rate.

If you wish, you can arrange to have all or part of this extra insurance made payable to your wife in one sum, or it can be paid as a monthly income during the period when the children are growing.



2. FOR FAMILY MEN WITHOUT ENOUGH whole life insurance, The Prudential has two policies that may fit your needs. The first is the "Family Income" policy. It combines whole life insurance with extra payments in the form of monthly income.

Suppose you take a "Family Income" policy with a permanent benefit of $5,000. If you die during the first 20 years, your wife will receive $50 a month until the end of the 20-year period . . . and then $5,000. If you die *after* 20 years, she will receive just the $5,000 permanent benefit.



3. THE SECOND POLICY is called the "Modified Life 3-20." It combines permanent life insurance with an equal amount of temporary protection that runs for the first 20 years.

Suppose you take out a "Modified 3-20" policy with a permanent benefit of $5,000. If you die during the first 20 years, your wife will receive the $5,000 permanent benefit *plus* $5,000 temporary protection. This money can be paid either in cash or in the form of monthly income. If you die *after* 20 years, she will receive just $5,000.

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INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

HOME OFFICE: NEWARK, NEW JERSEY



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This is another in our series of advertisements—"What Every Man Should Know About Life Insurance." This series is intended to give you the kind of *practical* information on life insurance that will be of real benefit to you and your family.

We hope these advertisements will help you understand life insurance better and give you a deeper appreciation of your agent's services. Your comments will be warmly welcomed.

Vol. 13, No. 1

LIFE

July 6, 1942

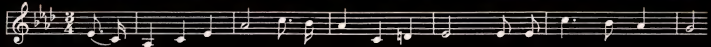


Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust."
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

The *Star-Spangled Banner* opens with a question—*Oh say, can you see?* The meaning of that question is that free men can never take their freedom for granted. They must always stand ready to fight for it, to give their lives for it. At Fort McHenry, where historic old cannon (*above*) stand as imperishable memories of the dawn of Sept. 14, 1814, Francis Scott Key answered his own question in the stirring but unfamiliar final lines of the anthem as quoted at left. On this 166th anniversary of their independence, in the greatest crisis of their history, Americans are once more making the same resolute answer—in song, in action and in blood.



U. S. Marine Band



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"MISSING IN ACTION"

WITH 66 BOYS LOST ON BATAAN, THE PEOPLE OF HARRODSBURG, KY. PAY THEIR PRICE FOR FREEDOM

This week for the fourth time since 1864 the people of the U. S. are at war on their Independence Day. On the home front there will be fewer fireworks, fewer ice-cream cones, fewer picnics, fewer orations. War factories will work right on through the holiday weekend. But as always, from every U. S. city and town, from Washington's many-throated Marine Band (*opposite page*) to the Boy Scouts' shrill fifes on Main Street, will rise again the strains of the *Star-Spangled Banner*, with its eternal question to Americans: *Will we, the people, fight through every hardship to preserve our freedom?*

This week the people of a handful of U. S. towns are making a special answer to that question. When Bataan fell on April 9, the Japanese captured 36,853 U. S. and Filipino troops. Among these were several U. S. companies mobilized as National Guardsmen in 1940 and sent to the Philippines in November 1941. There were 66 men from Harrodsburg, Ky. (pop. 4,673) who were in Company D, 192nd Tank Battalion. There were 35 men from Port Clinton, Ohio (pop. 4,500) in Company C of the same outfit. There were 97 men from Janesville, Wis. and 89 men from Maywood, Ill. in Companies A and B. There were similar companies from Carlsbad, N. M. and Salinas, Calif. No one in this country, including the War Department and the American Red Cross, knows how many of these men were taken alive, or what has happened to them since. The majority, it is presumed, are prisoners of war somewhere. The War Department simply reports them as "missing in action."

In a friendly town like Harrodsburg, where neighbors call each other by first name and have watched each other's boys grow up and put on their first long pants and graduate from school, the swallowing up of 66 of its young men in a single day is hard to bear. Even harder, in a way, is the lack of news about them—where they are, how they are doing, what they are getting to eat. It seems strange to read in the weekly Harrodsburg *Herald*, in the heart of bluegrass Kentucky, a list of instructions on "how to send . . . letters for prisoners of war in Japan or Japanese-controlled country."

But Harrodsburg's people are showing their unbroken courage in many quiet ways. They are already planning how they will dedicate their new armory (completed last January) when the boys of Company D come home at the end of the war. They have taken to putting snapshots of their sons in a Main Street store window for their friends to see. The day after Bataan fell almost every house in Harrodsburg put out a flag, and they are still out.

Harrodsburg is one of the first towns in the entire country to taste the last full measure of war—loved ones reported "missing in action." By the next Fourth of July the U. S. will have a great many Harrodsburgs. For until it does this war cannot be won.



A Harrodsburg father, Lon C. Terhune, stands at salute while the *Star-Spangled Banner* is played during founders' day ceremonies on June 16. The tanks came from Fort Knox to honor Harrodsburg's captured tank company. Mr. Terhune believes that if his boy Yandell and the others had been given "plenty to eat and enough ammunition they'd be fighting yet."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



At this 2:30 a.m. breakfast in 1939 were many Harrodsburg boys who are now missing in the Philippines, including Pvt. Lyle Harlow (*smiling, right*) and Pvt. Marvin Taylor (*profile, left*).



On the train to Fort Knox in November 1939, Pvt. John E. Sadler (*right*) fell asleep and Sgt. William Alford (*left foreground*) stayed wide awake. Both are among the missing on Bataan.



Harrodsburg's tank company, shown here swarming over its tanks in 1939, had an invincible faith in its machines. Lieut. Bill Gentry of Harrodsburg led the first tank battle on U. S. soil Dec. 31, 1941, when ten U. S. tanks knocked out six Jap tanks in a Filipino village. Later Gentry told a reporter: "I'd like to see the tanks lend an immediate drive out of Bataan."

HARRODSBURG'S SOLDIERS WENT OFF TO ACTIVE DUTY ON THE VERY FIRST CALL

In November 1939 a LIFE photographer followed Harrodsburg's company of the Kentucky National Guard to Fort Knox for special training, got the pictures you see above. A year later Company D was among the first to be called to active duty for the emergency by President Roosevelt. Last November, it was dispatched to the Philippines. Today this outfit is "missing in action"—presumably prisoners of war.

The 66 Harrodsburg men in Company D were not much different from other young Americans. Many of them were farm boys who knew a lot about growing tobacco. There were auto mechanics and lunchstand attendants and one insurance salesman. They started training with obsolete baby tanks left over from World War I. When they got their first new 10-tonners in 1937, they would run them proudly up and down Main Street, while the motorcycle drivers whizzed back and forth making a lot of noise.



Home Guardsmen, called "active militia" in Kentucky, parade in Harrodsburg on June 16. A number of these men have sons in the Philippines and on other fronts. Some are over 60.



Harrodsburg Belles make a V on grass of Pioneer Memorial Park during founders' day affair. In rear squat men of a Fort Knox tank regiment. Stockade is replica of original Fort Harrod.



Windows of Arch Woods's store are filled with pictures of Harrodsburg soldiers and sailors. Tags written by parents read: "action in the Philippines," "Alaska," "Midway," "Ireland."



Harrodsburg churches have heard many prayers for the men on Bataan. At this joint service three Protestant groups prayed for "our Nation, our President, our Allies and our enemies."

HARRODSBURG REMEMBERS ITS MISSING SONS WITH PRAYERS AND A PARADE

Each year on June 16 Harrodsburg observes the anniversary of its founding in 1774 by Captain James Harrod and his men from the eastern colonies. Last year on June 16 men of Harrodsburg's Company D were the heroes of the celebration. They camped the night before on the Mercer County fair grounds and the people went out to look at their tanks and see how they could take the guns apart and spread them on a cloth on the ground. This year on June 16, Major General Jacob L. Devers, commander of the Armored Force, came from Fort Knox with a company of tanks which joined the parade on Main Street. American generals make very few speeches these days, but General Devers paid a soldier's tribute to the fighters of Bataan and "the quiet and continuing courage" their families are showing. For pictures of some of Harrodsburg's 66 "missing in action" and their parents or wives who wait their return, turn the page.

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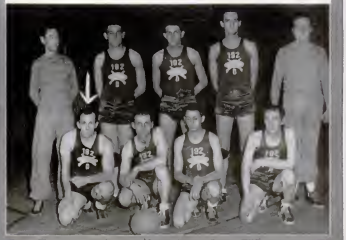


Private Field M. ("Jack") Reed, shown below holding up a captured alligator during maneuvers in Louisiana, is one of Company D's tallest men—6 ft. 4 in. He was planning to be an agriculture teacher when the war came along. He married before he was through high school. His wife and children (*above*) are now living with a wealthy aunt.



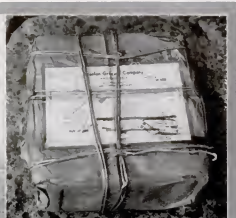


Corporal William Sparrow (*below, arrow*) was a high-school athlete and played on the Company D basketball team at Fort Knox. He and his father, a country doctor, were buddies. They hunted and fished and didn't mind having a drink together. Dr. Sparrow chokes a little when he says, "I sure would like to hear something from him."









Private William Jennings Bryan Scanlon (*center*) is a big boy—265 lb.—who used to work in his father's grocery store (*left*). Last November, after he reached the Philippines, his mother sent him a fruit cake for Christmas. It was returned by the post office in May bearing a stamp reading "Service Suspended" (*right*) and the Scanlons haven't felt like opening it.



Sergeant Yandell Terhune was "crazy to go" into the Army, but he turned his head away *(below)* when a doctor pricked his arm. His mother *(above)* is keeping his last letter in her prayer book. The Terhunes had several false reports that Yandell was dead. Now they believe nothing about him unless it comes from the War Department.





Lieutenant George A. ("Jimmy") VanArsdall *(below)* is the son of a former mayor of Harrodsburg. He was second in command of Company D on Bataan, and his wife *(above)* thinks that he will stay in the Army after the war. Right now she is wondering how to let him know that his son, William Riker, was safely born eight weeks ago.



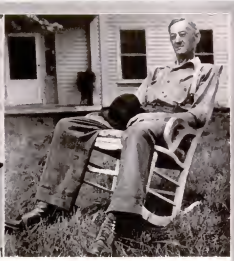


Privates Willard and Claude Yeast are one of six sets of brothers in Company D. (Other brothers are the Anness', the Frenches, the Rues, the Sullers, the Sullees.) The Yeasts, like many Company D boys, come from a small farm near Harrodsburg. Their parents *(center)* now live alone on 80 acres of land, with crops of corn, hay and cane to take care of.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE







Lieutenant William Gentry *(center)*, who led the first U.S. tank attack *(p. 16)*, was handy with all kinds of carpenter tools and a mainstay of his father's tobacco and stock farm. So was his brother Dick, who is now in the Army too. Farmer James T. Gentry *(right)* wanted to keep one of the boys with him but, he says, "I was proud when he turned me down."

"DON'T WORRY, MOM" WAS ABOUT ALL THEY HAD TIME TO WRITE

The boys of Harrodsburg's Company D (who are shown again on this page with their parents) didn't write many letters from Bataan, and when they did they said they were "pretty busy" and didn't have much paper to write on. Sometimes they asked how Pop's tobacco crop was, and often they asked their mothers to pray for them at night. One boy closed his letter, "And another thing, Mother, when I get back and hear you calling, I'll always answer."

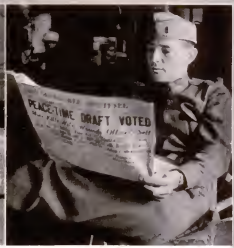
Some of them sent their last messages on Christmas Day—just before the retreat to Bataan. "We are all OK and hope that everyone at home doesn't do too much worrying about us," said a letter of Jan. 30. "Things are beginning to look a little better and I think the worst is over for us. . . . I can't tell you what is actually going on." Said another: "If anything serious happens to us Mercer boys the Government will let our families know in about 48 hours. . . . Tell everyone to write, for letters from home are a joy." And another: "I am well, and all the Harrodsburg boys . . . is OK and still fighting." Sometimes they mentioned the hot winter weather of the Philippines, and the rumors that went out over the radio. "Don't believe all you hear," they wrote, "because we are doing Okay."



Sergeant M. Arnold Lawson posed with his mother for this picture for the Louisville *Courier-Journal*. From Bataan he wrote: "Don't you worry about me, mother—I've learned to play hide and seek pretty good."







Lieutenant Arch Rue *(center)* and Captain Edwin ("Skip") Rue, Commander of Company D, are the sons of Mrs. Insco Rue *(left)*, a widow who has 13 children and writes moving poetry about Kentucky. Captain Rue, an insurance agent in peacetime, is married to his childhood sweetheart, has a 3-year-old daughter named Linda Brown *(opposite page)*.



Linda Brown Rue is the daughter of the commander of Harrodsburg's Company D

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"For the Greatest Cause in the World, the Freedom of All People"

The Fourth of July is usually very hot. The kids get up early because they are too excited to sleep. The firecracker packages have a nice, acrid smell. Junior sets off a whole pack, which wakes everybody in the house and next door. Pop grumbles—he had planned to loll in bed. Nevertheless, he appears later in the morning, shirt-sleeved and benign, to help the celebration. Down the street there is always somebody with a cannon cracker bigger than anything anybody else has. It goes off with a glamorous boom. Junior comes through with an answering volley. Mom, preparing a big family lunch, complains at the noise from her kitchen window.

In the afternoon the cars jam the sun-soaked highways, tires buzz with static, picnickers lie in the shade of heavy trees. And then the dusk falls like a cool hand on a fevered forehead. The stars rise. Sister brings out the musty punk and the sparklers. Junior fusses with his rockets. There is the plopping of Roman candles—blue and white and red —the satisfying hiss of the rockets, ear-cracking blasts high in the air. From the official celebration beside the town lake there is a gigantic explosion in red, white and blue. It thrusts aside the night, hangs above the water for one long, bright, daring moment. It is a sign to the nations. It is a sign which every American, gazing open-mouthed into the heavens, knows how to read: that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among those rights are Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness.

Flesh and Blood

This year the Fourth of July will be different. This year the picnickers will not go so far and the buzz of tires will remind us that the Japs have all the rubber. This year the glamorous cannon crackers will sound somewhat hollow to the citizens of Harrodsburg, Ky., or Janesville, Wis., or Salinas, Calif. — towns that have lost their young men, killed or captured in the foxholes of Bataan. It will be different this year for Mrs. Dorothy McLeod of Salinas, who said, "There's no thrill in being a gold-star mother. I want my Jim back." It will be different for Fred Lamm, tall, tanned farmer of Sherbourne County, Minn., whose son was lost on the *Houston* in the Java Sea. "Maybe it's not true," said Fred. "Maybe he's still alive. But if he isn't, then he died for the greatest cause in the world, the freedom of all people."

This year we do not merely celebrate the deeds of heroes long since dead, who would be dead anyway by now if they had not been killed in action. This year we have little to celebrate, in fact, because everything that those long-dead heroes died for is now at stake on the undecided battlefields of the world. The celebration of this Fourth of July cannot be accomplished with sparklers and rockets, but only with flesh and blood. And the job of Americans who remain at home is not to celebrate at all, but to dedicate themselves.

The Battle of the Headlines

And this job of dedication is a big, tough job at which, so far, almost all of us have failed. As a nation, Americans haven't been fighting this war—not by a long shot. A comparative handful of boys and officers have been fighting bravely and eagerly. But at home the fighting hasn't even begun. Most of America is earning big money, eating well, rolling up new betting records at the horse races, dashing around the country on rubber that is absolutely irreplaceable. But the Administration hasn't rationed gasoline nationally. The chief reason it hasn't is that Congressmen don't want to require you to stop driving your car until after election, because they are afraid you will vote against them.

The only battle that U. S. citizens have won so far is the battle of the newspaper headlines. This sham is not entirely the fault of the editors. It's a tough job to write realistic copy when everyone from the President down is shining with sunny optimism. The fact remains that the first news of the dreadful defeat of the Java Sea came to readers of the New York *Times* with a streamer headline: 6 SHIPS HIT BY U. S. SUBMARINES. The battle of the Coral Sea was made to appear a much bigger victory than it actually was. Week before last, great streamers announced that U. S. airmen had bombed the Rumanian oil refineries. When it was discovered that, like every other expedition against that camouflaged objective, they had bombed the wrong town, the news was buried in the back pages.

Donald Nelson keeps telling the nation that it is winning the production battle, and last week the President boasted that the U. S. had turned out 4,000 planes and 1,500 tanks in May. The recent record of American industry and labor, in terms of quantity, is stupendous. But bragging statements about war production are out of balance when they hide from the people grave combat deficiencies in American tanks, guns, fighter planes and other equipment. These deficiencies are well known to the enemy and should not be kept from us.

To Save Whose Face

Meanwhile the Axis pushes in, rings us with steel, accumulates real bases all over the world. Russia has put up the toughest fight of any nation that has dared to face Hitler. Yet Russia has been unable to win back a single bastion of the German line. Novgorod, Vyazma, Smolensk, Bryansk, Orel, Kursk, Kharkov and Melitopol remain in German hands, and Hitler has recently added Kerch and virtually demolished Sevastopol. Behind the comfortable headlines from Africa, Rommel relentlessly cut the British to pieces. To our amazement, Tobruk collapsed and an instantaneous vacuum was created far inside the Egyptian border, into which the Germans have poured tanks and armored cars.

The Japs also have taken the bases and left the headlines to us. From little headheads on Luzon they won control of the Philippines. They invaded Thailand—although they "couldn't possibly" get through the jungles of Malaya. They did get through the jungles—and Singapore went right ahead with its cocktail parties. For this we blamed the British but our turn came soon. We gave the Japs a terrible "licking" at Midway, and after they had been "licked" we found them firmly planted on no one knows how many of our Aleutian Islands, the keys to the northern Pacific. But the U. S. Navy announced that the Japs had taken the Aleutians to save face. To save whose face?

The Dawn's Early Light

None of this is cause for discouragement. Neither is it cause for a lack of confidence in our leadership. The basic policies of the Administration in foreign affairs have been wise, and they have been wisely supported by the leader of the opposition. We can be proud of our progress thus far. The shame lies behind us, in our years of blind "isolation," our wishful thinking, our desire to find the easy way out. We don't want any of that any more. We have learned a lot.

And yet on this Fourth of July we face a question as profound as any we have ever faced, as difficult to answer. Like Francis Scott Key, we stand peering into the darkness. Key was unable to tell whether the flag was still flying over the unequal battle of Fort McHenry, and out of his anxious watch our national anthem was born. Today, by the grace of God, we know that that flag flies over our land. But in the darkness of our hearts we cannot see what it means.

What does the *Star-Spangled Banner* mean to us on this Fourth of July? Does it mean the re-election of some Congressmen next fall? Does it mean that we must save the faces of cabinet officers, admirals, bureaucrats? Does it mean an inviting headline, an easy sneer at the Japs? Or does it mean what Fred Lamm's boy thought it meant when he went into action: "the greatest cause in the world, the freedom of all people"? We will not know the meaning of our flag until the cool gray light of dawn breaks through the dark horizons of our hearts. But we do know what will bring the dawn. The dawn will come as soon as every man, woman and child in the United States begins to fight.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK

By last week, Axis submarines operating in the western Atlantic, Gulf of Mexico and Caribbean had sunk, according to unofficial count, 320 Allied ships. On opposite page you see a victim of sub warfare. This nameless tanker was torpedoed only a few miles off the Florida coast. It was photographed by LIFE Photographer Dmitri Kessel from an Army plane two hours after the attack. For more pictures of the Battle of the Atlantic, turn the page.



An Allied tanker goes up in smoke after a submarine attack off the Florida Coast



Two men on a rubber raft are drawn to safety by the crew of a Navy patrol vessel. A few minutes earlier their ship had been blown up and sunk somewhere off the Atlantic Coast.



Up and over the side of subchaser comes drenched and oily survivor of the vanished ship. Just before the sinking, crew had sighted a periscope and dropped eight depth charges but without known results.

SUBMARINE WAR

June takes a heavy toll of Allied ships off America's Eastern Coast

On June 23 the Navy announced that during one black fortnight early in the month enemy submarines had drilled their torpedoes into 15 Allied merchant ships, sending them without warning to the bottom with a loss of 249 lives. Never before had the Navy Department, whose Secretary Frank Knox has often declared that we are winning, or are about to win, the submarine battle off the Atlantic Coast, disclosed so many disasters in a single communique.

Considerable emphasis was laid on the fact that most of June's sinkings had taken place in the Caribbean. Along the North Atlantic seaboard, the Navy revealed, coastal shipping was now being convoyed. Yet despite the new precautions ships were still sinking at the very threshold of the industrial East. The rescue shown on this page took place in home waters. Coast Guardsmen who effected the rescue had sighted a periscope just a few minutes before disaster struck. And the ship which went down had been a member of a coastal convoy. Meanwhile on the New Jersey coast (*opposite*), recurrent oily tides and fouled sands gave evidence of new tragedies somewhere not far away.



Clinging to an oil drum, eight members of the stricken ship's crew await rescue. Their vessel was in a coastal convoy. The Navy believes she was not torpedoed, but hit a mine.



Slimy with oil, a survivor wipes face on towel. Of 47 in collier's crew, 44 were saved. From subchaser they were transferred to a minesweeper. Enroute to port, this too struck a mine but without casualties.



Oily arabesques darken the sands of the New Jersey shore. The section of beach shown above is characteristic of miles of Jersey coastline, where successive sinkings and successive tides have deposited residue of disaster. Below: great gob of oil is lifted from sand at a Jersey community, where workers are now laboriously cleaning the beach by scooping up and burying oil deposits.





SEVASTOPOL

Struggle for best Black Sea port makes war's bloodiest battlefield

America's war was being fought heroically last week by foreigners on many a foreign field. Victory or defeat on these far fields was as important to every American as if Americans themselves had done the fighting. The easy fall of Tobruk in North Africa was as painful to America as the easy fall of the outermost Aleutians. For the Axis was quietly gathering in land bases the solid way, while the Allies ran off circus victories. But on one front, where Russia and Germany, the two great experts in modern war, were slugging it out, a battle for the history books was being fought over the Crimean naval base of Sevastopol.

This spectacular battlefield, bloodiest of the war, is drawn above by LIFE Artist Ted Kautzky. You are looking southward across the Great Harbor to the shattered city of 110,000 people. In the far distance is the mill-pond-calm Black Sea. A bombardment by Junkers and Dorniers is in progress. The smoke of shellfire roughly traces the semicircular battle line around Great Harbor, from North Point (*lower right*) along the chalk cliffs to Inkerman (*left*) and the shallow, muddy Black River and on to the distant vineyards of Balaclava (*upper left*), where 600 British cavalrymen of the Light Brigade charged Russian guns



88 years ago in the last great siege of Sevastopol, during the Crimean war.

After 217 days of siege, German General Fritz von Manstein on June 3 began the grand assault with about ten German divisions and two Rumanian. By last week, five of the German and both Rumanian divisions were reported chewed to pieces by tough Russian marines, sailors and soldiers fighting from pillboxes sunk deep in the cliffs of Sevastopol. The Nazis attacked first at upper and lower left, and failed. Finally they ground in on the great forts at the bottom of the picture. The Germans claimed Forts Stalin, Lenin, Molotoff, Gorki and Siberia and were fighting house-to-house behind the shipyards of North Point. Even when the Germans got on top of the pillboxes with flame throwers and grenades, the Russians inside fought on. To the left of the picture, the key heights changed hands four, five, a dozen times, in massive and desperate infighting. The gunners—Russians, Ukrainians, Armenians, Tartars—fought stripped to the waist, amid the scent of acacia and the stench of rotting corpses and charred buildings. The city was a flattened waste, but the docks of the Inner Harbor (*upper center*) could still take ships bringing reinforcements, and Russian planes still took off from underground hangars.

Sevastopol was a grim demonstration to Germany of the cost of 1942 advances in Russia. It deserved to stir and make proud the American allies of the Russians. It is also, as the best naval base and port in the Black Sea, a key to the Germans' eastward advance to break the American supply line to Russia and reach Caucasian oil. With Sevastopol, Germany can supply its whole southern front by sea. Among these green and sunny hills, Adolf Hitler was ready to spend 100,000 quarts or more of German blood to get what he wanted.



OFF THE TRANSPORT COMES A WOUNDED SOLDIER. HE WILL BE PLACED IN AN AMBULANCE, RUSHED TO HOSPITAL. WOUNDED SOLDIERS, SAILORS PROPERLY REFUSED TO GIVE NAMES

WAR IN ALASKA

Its first casualties arrive home

Out of the windy, desolate fog hiding Alaska and the Alaskan war, an ugly gray transport last week slipped unexpectedly into Seattle harbor. Soldiers and sailors, their arms in slings, their heads bandaged, lined its decks, waving mechanically. When the ship docked, 19 of them were carried off on stretchers.

This was the first ship out of Dutch Harbor since the bombing on June 3. The tale her passengers had to tell sounded achingly familiar—like the stories from Pearl Harbor, Singapore and Java. The Japs came over early in the morning. They met very little opposition from American fighter planes. Dodging anti-aircraft fire, the Japs attacked oil tanks, warehouses, barracks, ships in the bay. American soldiers, American

STILL SMILING, WOUNDED VETERAN DID NOT WANT TO BE CALLED A HERO. THIS SAME TRANSPORT WAS IN DUTCH HARBOR WHEN JAPS ARRIVED, WAS ATTACKED BY DIVE BOMBERS





MORE BADLY HURT MEN COME OFF THE SHIP. MANY PASSENGERS, ALREADY ABOARD WHEN ATTACK CAME, OWED THEIR LIVES TO ARMY ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTERY ON THE SHIP

sailors, American men, women and children were killed.

Said B. C. Duggan, a brick foreman, "The Stars and Stripes, thank God, are still flying over the harbor." But to the American people, bitter with a week of defeat, that fact was at best negative consolation. What they knew only too well was that in spite of U. S. bombing raids the Japs were still making progress in the Aleutians, that Kiska Island, 600 miles from Dutch Harbor, was now in enemy hands. To them the situation was made even more galling by the jeering boasts from Tokyo. One Jap broadcast told of interviewing captured U. S. soldiers. "Asked if they thought American troops would ever be sent to retake the island, they declared rather bitterly, 'Hell, no.' "

So far the U. S. was losing the battle of Alaska. But the Navy still appeared serenely unruffled and undisturbed. Perhaps it was preparing a landing task force to take back both Attu and Kiska. Perhaps it did not believe, as military strategists have always believed, that the Aleutian Islands might some day be a stepping stone for the invasion of Alaska, Canada and the U. S.

"WALKING WOUNDED," AS LESS BADLY HURT CALLED THEMSELVES, WERE GLAD TO BE HOME. ONE WORKER SAID HE WOULD NOT RETURN UNLESS GIVEN A GUN TO FIGHT WITH



Life's Art Competition

FOR MEN IN THE ARMED FORCES

In this Fourth of July issue LIFE is proud to announce the results of its art competition for men in the armed forces. It wishes to express gratitude to the Army and Navy officials who assisted in this project, and to the distinguished jury of five museum directors who met in Washington to select the prizewinners. This jury consisted of John I. H. Baur of Brooklyn Museum; Mrs. Juliana Force and Lloyd Goodrich, both of New York's Whitney Museum; Miss Dorothy Miller of New York's Museum of Modern Art; and Hermann W. Williams Jr. of Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Reproduced on the next pages are the three top prizewinners. Following them are the eight $50-award winners and as many other paintings as space would permit. Out of some 1,500 pictures submitted, a total of 117 were chosen for exhibition during July at the National Gallery of Art in Washington. Subsequently they will tour the U. S. from coast to coast on a series of exhibitions at leading museums and university galleries. This traveling show will give Americans their first comprehensive view of the work of artists in the Navy, Army, Air Corps, Marine Corps and Coast Guard. Except for the prizewinners which belong to LIFE these pictures are for sale, prices ranging from $5 to $200.

Rules for LIFE's competition were first posted last March in USO centers, camp clubs, local museums and in Army newspapers. All members of the armed forces were invited to compete. The only condition as to subject matter was that it should relate to the artist's own experience while on active military duty.

By May paintings were pouring into Washington from camps and marine bases all over the country. Some were shipped from Greenland, Hawaii, Trinidad. Some are by seasoned artists, others by young men who had not yet had time to launch their careers. A big majority of contributors had worked before in commercial art fields, doing advertising layouts, window decorations, art work for Disney movies. There were a few bank clerks, one barber, and one designer of porcelain teeth.

With their paintings many artists sent comments which tell, sometimes with unconscious poignancy, the trials of a soldier-artist. From Bethesda, Md. one wrote, "Unbeknown to many, I worked in the basement of the quarters here at the Naval Medical Center. I recruited one of the kibitzers as a model so everything worked out for the best."

From Fort McClellan another said, "Jotted down a couple of sketches on a scratch-pad while scraping carrots on K. P. duty, then had a little time off, went immediately to tent, painted picture." Another wrote, "The wrapping paper used for this sketch was from necessity as payday was two weeks ago."

But many camps such as Fort Bragg and Fort Belvoir were able to give their artists more cooperation. From Monterey, Calif. one private wrote, "Late afternoon, as reward for our work, the sergeant would allow us to take off over the hills with our painting equipment strapped to our backs. Then, returning late in the evening, a sketch for the cook brought us a warm meal."

At Fort Bragg, Private Frank Duncan recently organized an art project. "Weeks ago I completed my 13 weeks of military training," wrote Duncan. "It was tough, relentless. I changed and hardened. I became a cannoneer. But during those rare hours when time was mine, I'd relax and do a watercolor. I won a first prize in an Army art contest. LIFE reproduced it in color (Feb. 9) and the net result was $45 and encouragement. Now for our art project the Army has provided a building to be remodeled with fluorescent light, bookcases and worktables."

Most outstanding Army art project is at Fort Custer, Mich. Under the direction of Special Services Officer Major Ivan L. Reveal, Custer provided its soldier-artists with a workshop. Last August the sketching group put on the first Army art show. It was a smash hit. Eleven pictures by nine Custer artists were chosen for LIFE's exhibit now in Washington, making Custer the champion contributor.

Last month New York's Museum of Modern Art auctioned off paintings for $16,000 to buy free art equipment for soldiers. In a recent broadcast, Morale Expert Captain John Sackas argued for art projects in all camps. Describing the painting of a mural at Camp Davis he said, "Soldiers would form in a huge semicircle and watch the progress for hours. Some of the comments were: 'That's me over there—I'm the fuse cutter,' or 'That's me, No. 6 man.' On one occasion an artist corrected his painting when a breechloader said, 'That guy ain't holding that shell right; he's gonna get his fingers cut off.'"

These men, said Sackas, get a better sense of camaraderie and teamwork seeing themselves in a mural. For any regiment takes pride in the surroundings and activities which identify it from another. Part of an artist's job is to paint visual aids for teaching military subjects. But perhaps a more important part is to provide a stimulating environment which instills in a soldier the will to win.

The paintings submitted to LIFE's competition back up this argument. As art, they are impressively varied. The No. 1 prizewinner (*opposite page*) shows some influence of the great humanist painter, Daumier. Others are more realistic, or even surrealistic. Nearly every current of U.S. art is represented.

As history, their value is perhaps even greater. For here is a crucial period in American history, recorded by the men who are driving the tanks, firing the guns, doing the job. Such a record is a spur to action today and will be a proud part of American heritage tomorrow.



LIFE'S JURY JUDGES PAINTINGS IN WASHINGTON



First Prize

TROOP MOVEMENTS

"My first ride in a convoy truck was very impressive in its discomfort, its cavernous play of light and shade, and the compression of vitality into a small space." Thus Private Burns describes a ride from Camp Blanding, Fla., which inspired this prize canvas.

The five art experts on LIFE's jury agreed readily on the merits of Burns's work. They liked its vigor. They liked its boldly blocked pattern with its rich Rembrandt browns, glowing like old stained glass. They saw that in place of detailed realism Burns had caught the real feeling of strong men, cramped and sprawling in awkward human attitudes.

PRIVATE ROBERT BURNS

Prizewinner Robert Burns, aged 25, studied five years at the Yale School of the Fine Arts, has won many art awards. He feels that "the clash of armies is deciding future art styles." He foresees "fine commercial art and useful fine art . . . the painter will be once more, as in the Renaissance, a hard-working citizen."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



PRACTICE LANDING

SERGEANT BOB MAJORS

Second Prize

Of this bright, busy prizewinner, Sergeant Majors says: "It shows paratroops in mass-practice descent. In the foreground is a camera crew making a film of troops in action which will be shown to new troops for training purposes. The white chutes are for men, the colored chutes for equipment. Men must learn to ski as well as jump." Majors was employed in Walt Disney's movie studio.

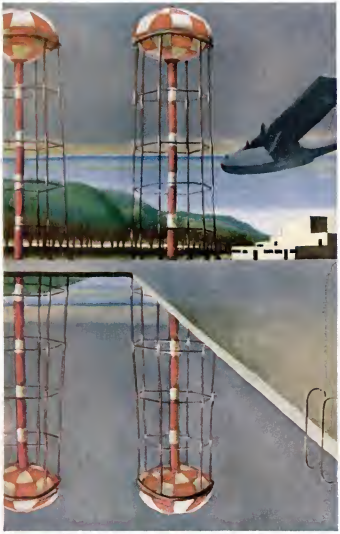


CONVOY PRACTICE

PRIVATE EDWARD CHAVEZ

Third Prize

"From the rear end of one of these bouncing, jolting mechanized covered wagons winding over the snow-covered Wyoming hills, I made my sketches for this painting," says Private Chavez at Fort Francis E. Warren where part of his job is to paint signs and decorate mess halls and service clubs. Chavez is a well-known Colorado muralist whose pictures are exhibited all over the country.



WATER TOWERS AND PBY **STOREKEEPER JEWETT CAMPBELL**

At Naval Air Station, Jacksonville, Fla., Campbell did this $50-award painting. A well-known Virginia artist, Campbell's work has a dreamlike surrealist quality, though he sticks here to fact instead of fancy. He has been a sailor and hotel auditor.



NO. 17 READY FOR PLANTING **PVT. HOWARD S. SCHROEDER**

Suspended from davits on this Army mine planter is a mine attached to a mine anchor (*left*) to be dropped at a signal from the planting officer on bridge. Other mines and anchors are stored on deck. Private Schroeder is stationed at Fort Miles, Del.



IT'S AN HONOR **CPL. MERRILL LAUCK**

Done at Fort Bragg, N. C., this $50-award picture shows Artist Lauck as a private on guard between barracks. His title, he says, is sort of a grim joke because honor of guard duty often comes when a soldier has leave, and leave must be cancelled.



HALF-TRACK **PVT. A. BROCKIE STEVENSON**

This hellbent "half-track" car was done at Fort Belvoir, Va., won $50 award. Artist Stevenson, 22, who studied at Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, says, "I used egg tempera, but my mess sergeant is still unconvinced eggs were used for painting."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



7:00 A.M. — **PVT. GAYLORD FLORY**

"This scene is close to the heart of a soldier," says Artist Flory of Fort Custer, Mich., "because we all know these early morning marches with packs and rifles, going off to a field problem." Flory, 22, was a Michigan barber. His canvas won $50.



FOUR ON—FOUR OFF — **PVT. EDWARD A. REEP**

At Monterey Bay, Calif., looking across to Fort Ord, these guards watch for submarines. The title of this $50 winner refers to standard watch: four hours on duty, four hours off. The jeep (*right*) is marked with star to identify it as guard vehicle.



"B" BATTERY BIVOUAC, SOLEDAD — **PVT. TORCOM K. BEDAYAN**

"This is reminiscent of our bivouac near Soledad, Calif.," says Armenian Artist Bedayan, who won a $50 award. "I tried to capture the simple ruggedness of soldiers and landscape, to depict a soldier's loneliness without painting any figures."



PRACTICE MARCH—SOUTH CAROLINA — **SGT. MICHAEL RAMUS**

Across a corner of this $50-award picture pass the shadows of war while Negro farmers watch with stolid wonderment. Says Sergeant Ramus, "I wanted to convey the Army's transitory quality, superimposed on dark people and raw earth."



ON THE SEVENTH DAY — **PVT. WALLACE BRODEUR**

"This painting symbolizes Army religion," says Private Brodeur of Fort Custer, Mich. "Clean snow, white chapel, sunlight, soldiers walking slowly up the slope, all offered a fitting symbol for my watercolor." Brodeur was a commercial artist.



A SOUTHWEST AIR BASE — **PVT. JACOB GLUSHAKOW**

Here a B-17 bomber is being serviced in hangar by a swarm of grease monkeys. At the right several mechanicsare examining a motor suspended on a hoist. At the center is a tug for towing planes. Glushakow, 27, has art in several big museums.



THAT GREEN-BACK DOLLAR **PRIVATE C. L. HARTMAN JR.**

"These boys were from Kentucky hill country," says Artist Hartman of the Signal Corps Photographic Center on Long Island. "They'd been to a beer party in the mess hall and carried their party mood over to the barracks, singing a hillbilly song, *That Green-Back Dollar*. This type of soldier is ill at ease around jitterbugs, but loves his own kind of celebration. He is about the toughest fighter there is." Private Hartman was a commercial artist in Chicago and worked for Walt Disney studios.

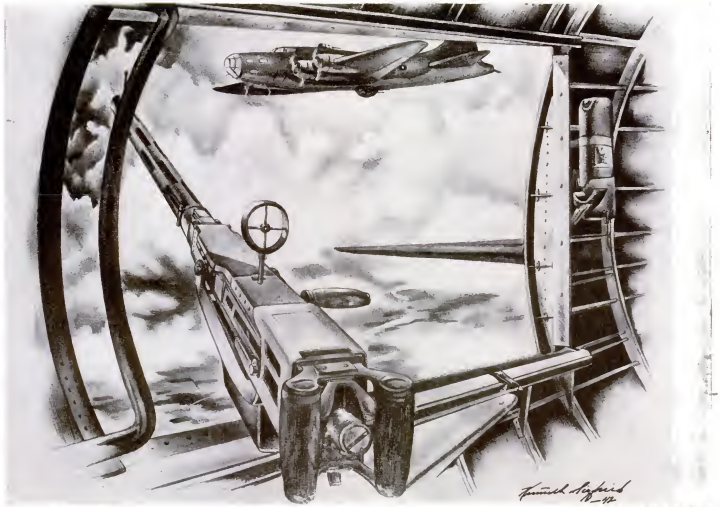
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A SOLDIER'S DREAM

Artist Standley, of Camp McQuaide, Calif., paints a surrealist dream of a soldier on a jeep charging like a knight to rescue a damsel from an armored dragon, represented by a tank. Says Standley, "People think my painting is symbolic—the rescue of freedom—but it really was intended as fun for myself and soldier friends."

PRIVATE HARRISON STANDLEY



MARK GREEN, UPPER

This 850-award drawing shows a heavy-caliber gun on a Flying Fortress with another Fortress in background. "My title," explains Siefried, stationed at Salt Lake City, "is a firing command. Plane is divided in two parts. Right side is designated green, left side red. When you get this command, you fire up and to the right."

PRIVATE KENNETH SIEFRIED



Let 'em come when they come!

—SUPPER'S READY!

Hectic days for Mother! It's hard to set a time for meals, for the menfolk's jobs come first and any day they're liable to be kept at it later than they expect. How to keep step with her own war work and yet "keep a good table", too—that's the worrisome problem. And that's where a hearty soup can help a lot!

•

A soup like this—bright and appetite-rousing, sturdy and nourishing—settles dozens of 1942 busy-day meal questions. Here's a rugged deep-simmered beef stock, and in it no fewer than fifteen different garden vegetables. Small wonder women call this soup "almost a meal in itself!"

•

Soup-suppers and soup-lunches are right in line with the way people are living these busy days. Sound sensible nourishment is more important now than ever. So it's a relief for Mother to know that she has just that kind of food always close at hand in Campbell's Vegetable Soup. Comforting and reviving, easily digested and quickly satisfying—that's why more and more wartime meals are being built around Campbell's Vegetable Soup. Here are two:

Campbell's Vegetable Soup
Jellied Veal Loaf
Tomato and Lettuce Salad **Ice Cream**
Cookies **Coffee**

•

Campbell's Vegetable Soup
Salmon and Celery Salad
Cucumber Sandwiches
Strawberries and Cream **Iced Tea**



We make soup
To set you free
To do your part
For Victory!



Campbell's VEGETABLE SOUP

. . . ALMOST A MEAL IN ITSELF!

4 Calvert coolers to



For Plain (but exacting) Tastes

CALVERT HIGHBALL

Simple? Certainly. Simplicity and *greatness* go hand in hand. Just pour a jigger of Calvert over some ice in a glass, and add soda. Ah! . . . that's the way to fully appreciate Calvert's delicate flavor and superb lightness—*undiluted!*

For Collins Connoisseurs

CALVERT WHISKEY COLLINS

Open your mouth and close your eyes, and we'll give you the Collins that cops the prize! Squeeze the juice of 1 lemon into a tall Collins glass, and sweeten to taste with honey. Now, a jigger of Calvert Whiskey—yes, *Calvert!* Next the ice; some charged water; a cherry; a slice of orange . . . there! You're right, sir—a Calvert Whiskey Collins IS a classic!

Note: All tall drinks

help you beat the heat

A GORGEOUS, GLAMOROUS ARRAY OF FROSTY FAVORITES... NEW AND OLD

That's what Calvert presents to you heat-wilted refreshment seekers this summer! And from the new, delectable Calvert Whiskey Collins to the time-honored Calvert Highball... every one is a cool, cool delight!

But remember—don't trifle with these recipes. Use *Calvert Whiskey*—nothing else. Because it's Calvert that has the happy faculty of *blending with*, rather than overpowering, the other ingredients in mixed drinks. It's the whiskey with the "Happy Blending".

Just name your drink, sir, and you'll agree... *all tall drinks taste better with Calvert Whiskey!*

For the Tropical Touch

CALVERT PLANTER'S PUNCH

You'll really begin to *live* when you taste this: Stir the juice of 1 fresh lime with a teaspoonful of powdered sugar or honey. Add a jigger of Calvert Whiskey—and we *do* mean Calvert! Stir well, and pour into a tumbler filled with cracked ice. Then a slice of orange, straws—and you're off to flavor-paradise!



New Love for Cola-Mix Fanciers

CALVERT and COLA

Here's the latest from Havana—and how they hated to part with it! Pour a jigger of Calvert (there IS no reasonable facsimile) over some ice in a glass. Then add your favorite Cola drink, and..."where has *this* been all your life?" And you're in luck if you like sarsaparilla or root beer, for with Calvert Whiskey, they're *dee-licious!*

taste better with Calvert Whiskey

Calvert Distillers Corp., New York City. BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits... Calvert "Special": 86.8 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits.

"I'm Wearing this Silly Ribbon to Remind You...

Check Your Car for Gas Waste!"

It's just good "Horse Sense" to see your Mobilgas Dealer. He can help your car last —give more miles per gallon of gasoline.

HERE ARE 10 proved ways your Mobilgas Dealer can help you keep your car running efficiently.

You'll not only get a longer-lasting car—but extra gasoline-mileage, too! Stop and see your Mobilgas Dealer right away.

He is ready to...

1 Check your tire pressures every week. Helps you save both rubber and precious gasoline.

2 Switch your tires every 5,000 miles. Evens tire wear...makes the entire set last longer.

3 Change your oil every 1,000 miles. Refill with clean, tough Mobiloil—world's largest-selling motor oil.

4 Check battery every 2 weeks.

5 Mobilubricate your car every 1,000 miles—protect every chassis part from costly wear!

6 Adjust your carburetor for thrifty summer mileage... or recommend a competent man to do it.

7 Condition your radiator water against clogging rust and scale.

8 Protect your gears—with the right Mobiloil Gear Oil.

9 Clean spark plugs every 5,000 miles. May save 10% of your gas.

10 Clean your air-filter every 2,000 miles—helps save gasoline. Change your oil-filter every 8,000 miles—helps save wear!

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For Most Miles per Gallon—

GET MOBILGAS DEALER SERVICE

GIRLS IN UNIFORM

In U. S. industry they help make weapons of war

At Vultee and Lockheed and Vega, at General Motors and Martin and Wright, at Douglas and Brewster and Boeing, in arsenals and ammunition plants, in motor works and assembly plants, girls in uniform are welding and wiring, riveting and loading, assembling and inspecting man's weapons for war. A quarter of a million, maybe half a million (certainly more than a million before the war is won) have gone from high school and college, from desk and counter to do the jobs the U. S. needs done. For this their country pays them well in money and prestige.

The woman worker in a war industry in the U. S. has acquired some of the glamor of the man in uniform. In labor's social scale, she belongs to the elite. At the very top is the girl who works in an airplane factory. She is the glamor girl of 1942. She might be Marguerite Kershner, shown on this page. She might be Linda Gray. Both work at the Boeing airplane factory in Seattle. Marguerite does electrical wiring. The work is exacting and tedious but women's nimble fingers are adept at such jobs. Marguerite makes 93¢ an hour. Sometimes she works 70 hours a week. One Sunday she made $14. This is her first factory job. She has worked as salesgirl, usherette, elevator operator—all jobs which called for meticulous grooming. Now, at day's end, her hands may be bruised, there's grease under her nails, her make-up is smudged and her curls out of place. When she checks in the next morning at 6:30 a. m. her hands will be smooth, her nails polished, her makeup and curls in order, for Marguerite is neither drudge nor slavey but the heroine of a new order.

Linda Gray (*see page 44*), another worker at Boeing, is a chief inspector in the spot-welding department. Linda went to University of Washington, then worked at flying fields and schools. She has been flying for seven years. When civilian aviation in Seattle was banned, Linda decided that if she couldn't fly planes she would help build them. She gets up at 5:45 a. m., works from 7:30 to 4 with half-hour for lunch, spends two evenings a week at Boeing draftsmen's school. To and from work she wears the regulation two-piece Boeing slack suit. Her suit and Marguerite's are not official uniforms. Neither are the overalls or mechanics' suits worn by many thousands of workers like them. But of all the women in uniform these are the girls who, without the rattle of drums or the blare of trumpets, are doing the jobs vital for victory.



Marguerite Kershner closes her lunchbox after an inspection at gate. Although Marguerite looks like a Hollywood conception of factory girl, she and thousands like her are doing hard, vital work.



Electrical wiring for panel boards of Flying Fortresses is Marguerite's job. Work involves tying and fitting of wires around small parts. Foreman rates her among best.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Honey Tan



Your Color-of-the-Month in

Wembley
NOR-EAST
Ties

They're Non-Crush!





"It's a honey on my honey!"

Here's a man's tan—cool, crisp, becoming. It's the newest color-original from the Wembley "hive" of style. You get Honey Tan only in Wembley Nor-East fabric—the famous imported *Non-Crush* cloth that fights wrinkles. So your Honey Tan tie *holds* its good looks.

Make a "bee" line for your favorite store now. Be the "leading man" with Honey Tan. See it in rich-tone solids and smartly contrasting stripes and plaids.

Wembley
MADE BY Prichard & Constantine
NOR-EAST
NON-CRUSH
100% U.S. IMPORTED FABRIC

Always look for this label

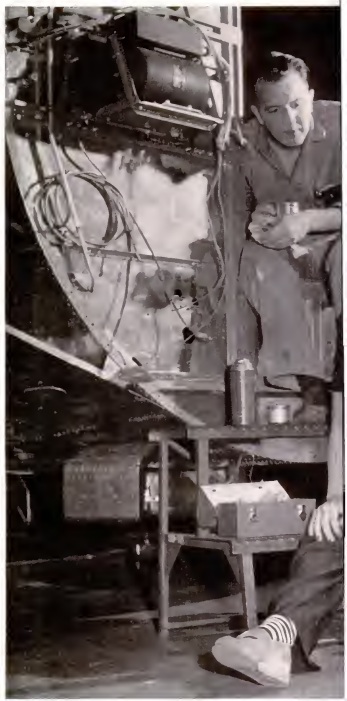
Be sure it's a genuine Wembley Nor-East—the *original* Non-Crush Fabric—*demanded* by more men than any other tie in America! Wembley, Inc. New Orleans, *world's largest neckwear manufacturers.*

ALL ONE DOLLAR

Crush it! *Twist it!* *Knot it!* *Not a wrinkle!*



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MARGUERITE HAS HALF-HOUR LUNCH, FREQUENTLY EATS IN SHOP WITH LARRY.



Bowling is popular recreation with the workers at Boeing. Marguerite bowls about one night a week.



Boeing riding class meets on Wednesdays at Olympic Aca-



LUNCHBOX USUALLY HOLDS SANDWICH CAKE, FRUIT, PINT OF TEA IN THERMOS



demy. Linda (*left*) is an expert jumper. Marguerite just rides.



Roller skating is weekday night pastime. Dancing nights are Friday and Saturday, movies Sunday.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



You can't go looking at labels every time you order a drink. But it isn't difficult to tell the difference between Bacardi and *subterfuges* by the taste! Smart pouring places know that you know—and know it's good business to serve what you deserve.



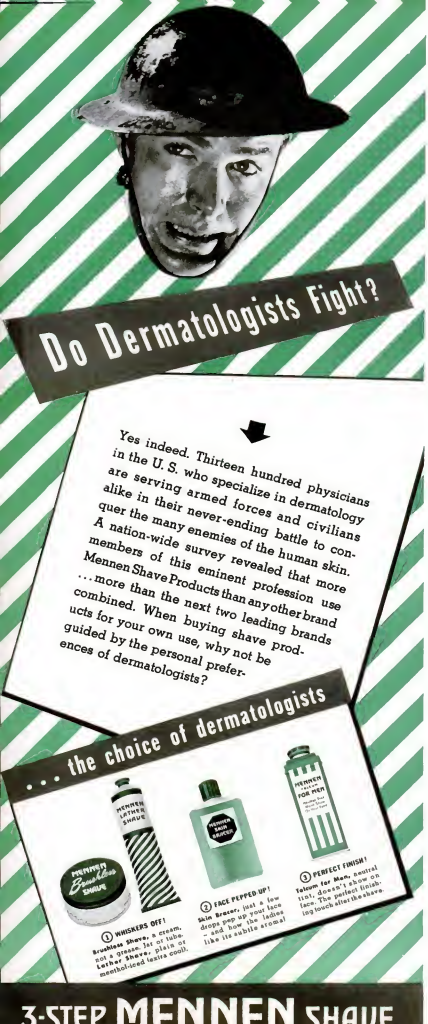
Bacardi is wonderfully versatile—almost a *bar-in-a-bottle!* Use it to make *the incomparable Bacardi Cocktail,* of course . . . the really *Cuban Cuba Libre* . . . the ever-popular *Bacardi Collins* . . . the *Bacardi Sour* . . . the *Bacardi & Soda* . . . and *Bacardi straight* — as they like to drink it in the land of Bacardi.

IT'S FULL 89 PROOF FOR FULL FLAVOR!

BACARDI

THERE'S A DIFFERENCE WORTH KNOWING!

Rum 89 Proof—Schenley Import Corp., New York, N. Y. Copyright, 1942





Linda Gray, calm and mechanically able, inspects rows of rolled wing skins for Flying Fortresses, to see that each is properly wrapped to prevent damage or scratching.



Inspecting spot welds on a B-17 skin is also Linda's job. Entire seam must be tried. If Boeing ever opens the final inspection job to a woman, Linda will probably get it.

LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

One of a series of paintings of the tobacco country by America's foremost artists



"Talking Tobacco," by Robert Philipp. Painted from life outside a Carolina auction place.

IN A CIGARETTE, IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS

...and Lucky Strike means fine tobacco! Independent tobacco experts—buyers, auctioneers, warehousemen—see us consistently pay the price to get the finer, the milder leaf... These men make Lucky Strike their own choice by more than 2 to 1.

Isn't that worth remembering... worth acting on... next time you buy cigarettes?



With men who know tobacco best—it's Luckies 2 to 1

BAUER & BLACK

Curity

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

First Aid Chart



COOL, level headed intelligence at the scene of an accident marks the "Good Samaritan" of today.

The prompt summoning of a physician, determined action in keeping back the inevitable crowd that gathers, a refusal to be stampeded into rendering well-intended but possibly harmful assistance to the injured—such services are *the essence of real first aid.* And are the *only ones* that the untrained person should ever attempt to give beyond the simple, *common sense* treatment of injuries as charted below.

Today, at a time of national emergency, every man, woman and child on the home front is called upon to *be prepared when accidents strike.* In the belief that it is important now as never before to know the major principles of first aid to the injured, these facts are presented in behalf of public welfare and safety.



BAUER & BLACK - Division of The Kendall Company - Chicago

Curity Home and Hospital Products: Sterilized Absorbent Cotton, Gauze, Bandages, Gauze Pads, and Handi-Tape; Adhesive Tapes; First Aid Kits; Sutures; Ready-Made Dressings.

Specialized First Aid Products: Triangular Bandages; Bandage Compresses; Tourniquets; Ammonia Inhalants; Mild Iodine; Burn-A-Lay; Thermat Heat Pad; Cotton Picker.

WHEN SERIOUS ACCIDENT STRIKES, TEN SIMPLE RULES TO REMEMBER:

1. **Call or send for a doctor immediately.**
2. **Be sure victim is kept lying down.**
3. **Attend to serious bleeding *at once.***
4. **Examine for less obvious injuries.**
5. **See that injured is kept warm and comfortable.**
6. **If victim is unconscious never give liquid.**
7. **Keep crowd away.**
8. **Try to cheer victim up—talk quietly and try to gain his confidence.**
9. **Don't let him see his injury.**
10. **Get his name and address if possible.**

TYPE OF INJURY	HOW TO RECOGNIZE	DO THIS FIRST	DON'T DO THIS	ACCEPTED FIRST AID (*If doctor is delayed or unavailable*)
WOUNDS **MINOR** *cuts, bruises, abrasions and lacerations that break skin.*	Slight bleeding, torn skin and tissues.	Remove clothing around wound, except when stuck to skin. Gently check bleeding with compress made of sterile gauze or cleanest cloth available. Cleansing of wounds can best be done by the doctor.	Never let fingers, clothing or non-sterile material touch the wound. Never use soap and water on wound. Don't tear away clothing or compress that is stuck to wound . . . you may loosen blood clot.	If necessary to clean, wash *away* from wound with rubbing alcohol, naphtha, or oil of turpentine. Then put mild tincture of iodine on and *around* wound, using swab (cotton or cloth on small stick). *After iodine is dry,* apply sterile gauze or compress. Hold dressing firmly with roller bandage and adhesive tape. Never *paint* iodine on a wound and *never reapply it.*

	blood is dark red and flows steadily from wound.	Quickly remove all loose clothing around wound. Try to check flow of blood with thick, clean compress held or bandaged tightly in place, or by hand pressure near wound, or both. Loosen tight clothing. *Tourniquets seldam required.*	 *Don't apply a tourniquet* unless you are a trained first aider. Don't attempt to wash or sterilize until bleeding is checked. Don't use pressure on head wounds. *Don't waste time. Don't give stimulants.*	[illegible] slight[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] slightly. If pressure is used, apply near the wound on the side *away* from the heart. If bleeding persists after compress is applied, exert pressure *on* compress directly *over* wound.
(from arteries)	Blood is bright red, flows in jets.	Try firm *pressure* with fingers or hand near the wound on the side between the heart and the wound. When bleeding stops or slackens appreciably, apply large compress.		Use tourniquet *only* in cases of *extremely* severe bleeding; slip padding under tourniquet before tightening. *Always release tourniquet every 15 minutes.* After loosening tourniquet, leave it in place for instant tightening if spurting bleeding recurs.
FRACTURES *(simple)* 	No wound or break in skin at point of fracture. Compare with corresponding part on other side for deformity. Look for swelling, discoloration, loss of motion in nearby joints. Soreness at suspected point of break. Victim may have heard or felt bone break.	Keep victim lying down and as comfortable as you can. Continuous support above and below the break, or suspected break, should be secured with coats, newspapers or other padding. Be sure victim is warm. Give water, hot coffee or tea if conscious.	Never move victim *unless absolutely necessary.* Never try to set a fracture yourself—you *may cause further injury,* and delay recovery. Moving victims with head, neck or back injuries may cause death. Don't remove clothes unless there are signs of bleeding. 	*Do not hurry to move victim!* If *necessary* to move him, first apply well-padded splints *in line with the fracture.* When absolutely necessary to move injured quickly from immediate scene of accident—in case of fire, etc.—place coat or blanket under him and drag in horizontal position, holding ends of coat.
(compound) 	A wound at the site of fracture. Often accompanied by profuse bleeding. Sometimes broken bones are visible through skin. Remember that even if no broken bones are apparent, *there may be some* . . . including fracture of the skull.	To stop bleeding, apply compress gently. Firm pressure may dislocate fracture fragments. Use regular or improvised splint for fracture.		Clean skin around wound with sterile gauze wet with rubbing alcohol, oil of turpentine, or naphtha; apply iodine and compress according to detailed instructions under WOUNDS—ACCEPTED FIRST AID. Otherwise follow instructions for SIMPLE FRACTURES.
BURNS 	*1st degree*— no destruction of skin or tissues. Pain and redness. *2nd degree*— burn causing blisters. *3rd degree*— tissue destroyed more deeply.	Loose clothing over burned parts should be taken off immediately. Apply burn remedy or ointment *on 1st degree burns only.* On 2nd and 3rd degree, gently apply gauze compresses soaked in weak solution of salt, baking soda or boric acid.	Don't open burn-blisters. Do not put iodine on any burn. Don't touch burn with absorbent cotton or try to remove any material that is *stuck* to burned skin. 	Cover burned area lightly with sterile gauze soaked in a weak solution of salt, baking soda or boric acid. Always treat victims of 2nd and 3rd degree burns for shock. See SHOCK—ACCEPTED FIRST AID—immediately below.
SHOCK 	Look for shock *especially* in crushing injuries, extensive burns and extreme blood loss. Face pale; expression dull and vacant; drooping eyelids; clammy, cold skin; bluish lips and fingernails; irregular breathing; chill; nausea.	*Be sure victim is kept warm.* Be sure he is lying down with head *slightly* lower than body. When bleeding has stopped, give stimulants, but only if victim is conscious—black coffee, strong tea. Or aromatic spirits of ammonia in water (½ to 1 teaspoonful per cup). *Avoid alcoholic spirits.*	Never let victim sit or stand. When he is lying down, *don't* elevate head. When giving liquids, don't give more than a cupful every 30 minutes. 	You can help *prevent* and *relieve* shock by doing everything possible to make victim warm, and by keeping him *flat on back.* Place coats, blankets, newspapers, etc., beneath as well as over victim and keep him warm with hot bricks, electrical or chemical heat pads or hot water bottles. In using these, be careful not to *burn* victim. Best place to apply is on feet, sides and stomach. Give stimulants (if conscious) only after taking care of victim's position and applying external heat.

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Study this wall chart carefully to be prepared to give intelligent first aid. It covers the most common accidents and intentionally omits other less frequent emergencies such as drowning, chemical poisoning and electric shock.

Use of the essentials shown can help materially to prevent serious consequences from injuries—even unnecessary deaths. Treatment, other than that outlined above, should be given only by doctors, nurses or persons who have received competent training in first aid.

Reprints of this chart may be obtained for posting and distribution—a fact of interest to civilian defense workers, teachers, building or plant safety directors and others responsible for first aid provisions.

BAUER & BLACK • Division of The Kendall Company • P. O. Box 475, Chicago, Illinois

Please send me (_____) reprints of the Bauer & Black-Curity First Aid Chart. Enclosed find (_____) cents in coin, stamps or check to cover actual costs.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

1 reprint.....10¢
5 reprints.....15¢
15 reprints.....25¢
50 reprints.....50¢
Write for prices on larger quantities.

Sudden Luck Smiles on Becalmed Sloop !



33 Fine Brews Blended into One Great Beer



THREE BRITISH LOCOMOTIVES AT AHWAZ GET UNDER WAY WITH THEIR TRAINS OF FLAT CARS AND TANK CARS CARRYING FUEL AND MUNITIONS FOR THE SOVIET ARMIES

U. S. LEASE-LEND AID REACHES U. S. S. R. BY ROADS THROUGH IRAN

When the Shah of Iran (Persia) in 1928 finished a new railway cutting his desolate country north-to-south from the Persian Gulf to the Caspian Sea, the last thing in the world he wanted was to help Soviet Russia, Britain and the U. S. In fact, he had built it "from nowhere to nowhere" precisely to spite Russian and British plans. Yet last week this rickety railway built out of Persian taxes by the deposed tyrant was America's best hope of getting $3,000,000,000 worth of lease-lend supplies to Soviet Russia.

Last year, when the British and Russians threw out the Shah, there were only two locomotives on the 960-mile, $160,000,000 road. There were not enough sidings for two-way traffic and the tracks were falling apart. Since then American and British experts have been at work (*above*). Backing up the renovated railroad are a number of highways (*below*), good and bad, now being pounded by U. S. Army six-wheel trucks.

U. S. ARMY SIX-WHEEL TRUCKS RUSH LEASE-LEND SUPPLIES UP ONE OF TERRIBLE ROADS OF IRAN TOWARD CASPIAN SEA WHERE THEY WILL BE TRANSSHIPPED TO U. S. S. R.





SWEET DREAMS

TRY KISSING a gal goodnight [with a Barbasol Face] and hear her sigh, "Now I'll have sweet dreams." No wonder the memory lingers! For Barbasol makes a shave produce the finest, softest, *cleanest* face you ever presented to the world—not to mention pretty little Nellie, or whatever her name may be.



ZING, WHING, ZIZZ . . played in three-quarter time. That's the song of a Barbasol shave, beneficial oils that help to wilt the whiskers faster, protect the skin from razor rasp, and soothe it *after* you've shaved.



TRY SOMETHING easier than breaking clay pigeons with a hammer. Get a new rust-resisting Barbasol Blade and shave with modern Barbasol. No brush, no lather, no rub-in—the quickest, easiest, sweetest shave you ever had. Large tube 25¢, giant tube 50¢, family jar 75¢.

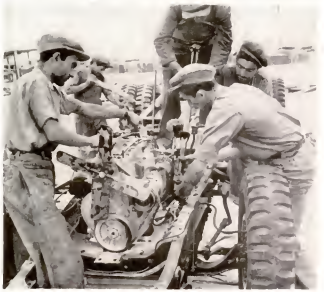




Allied ship on the Persian Gulf unloads the bed of a flat car capable of carrying 50-ton load. Most railway equipment came from London, Midland & Scottish railway.



Russian sergeant gives a lost admiring inspection to American Studebaker truck before moving north. Russians are kind and careful to motor vehicles, make them last.



American engine is installed on American chassis with U.S. Army mud-&-snow tires made by Goodyear. Notice Persian worker with pressure grease-gun (*second from left*).



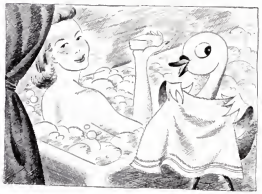
See the lucky baby—
Crowing, "Swan for me!"
Swan is baby-gentle!
And suds in *1-2-3*!

➳ **DID YOU KNOW?**—Swan's as pure as finest imported castiles. You can't buy a purer soap! No wonder mothers and babies both love it!



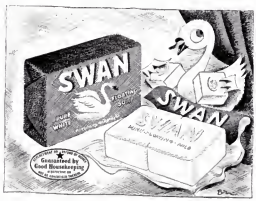
See the happy dishes—
Swan's a sudsin' whiz!
Kind to hands? You betcha!
That's what Swan sure is!

➳ **DID YOU KNOW?**—Swan's a sudsin' whiz—even in hard water. Its baby-gentle ways keep hands nice. No need for strong, easy-to-waste package soaps now!



See the sudsy lady—
Nice complexion, too—
'Cause she Swans all over
So, of course, should you!

➳ **DID YOU KNOW?**—Swan's more real soap for your pennies than any leading toilet soap. Swan everything and *save*. Get Swan today!



See the lucky break—
A double, thrifty cake!

SWAN

The baby-gentle floating soap that's a sudsin' whiz!

Comes in two convenient sizes—Large and Regular MADE BY LEVER BROTHERS CO., CAMBRIDGE, MASS. **TUNE IN:** *"BRIGHT HORIZON", See your local paper for time and station*

ROLL OF HONOR



VICE ADMIRAL WILSON BROWN

President Roosevelt awarded the Distinguished Service Medal to his former naval aide, Vice Admiral Wilson Brown, for his brilliant and courageous leadership of the Pacific Fleet task force which destroyed or damaged more than 20 ships and 17 bombers during February and March. This is the second time Admiral Brown has been decorated by his Government. In World War I he won the Navy Cross for distinguished service on U.S.S. *Parker*, operating against U-boats in the Atlantic. Admiral Brown was superintendent at Annapolis from 1938 to 1941, when he assumed duty as commander of a Pacific Fleet scouting force.



CECIL L. FAULKNER

This first lieutenant in the Army Air Forces was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross. He was cited for his courageous and skilful flying in a hazardous photographic mission over Japanese territory. Details of the mission have not yet been divulged. Lieutenant Faulkner was born in Vashti, Texas, on May 16, 1916. He attended Vashti public schools and Texas Wesleyan College at Fort Worth for two years, and received his flight training at Randolph and Kelly Fields. Lieutenant Faulkner has been stationed in the Hawaiian Department since May 1, 1939. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Lee Faulkner, live in Bellevue, Texas.



LEWIS S. PARKS

This lieutenant commander was awarded the Navy Cross for distinguished service as commander of a submarine which sank a 17,000-ton ship in enemy waters. While preparing to fire torpedoes, his ship was discovered by the Japanese and severely attacked by bombs and depth charges. He maneuvered his submarine into position for the attack, opened fire with torpedoes, sunk his quarry and successfully escaped. Lieutenant Commander Parks was born in Bayport, N. Y. on April 13, 1902. He attended high school in Wilmington, Del. and was graduated from the U. S. Naval Academy in 1923. His home is at 1442 Van Buren St., Wilmington, Del.



RICHARD E. HAWES

This lieutenant commander was awarded the Gold Star, equivalent of a second Navy Cross, for heroic conduct while commanding the minesweeper *Pigeon*. During the enemy attack on Cavite Navy Yard, P. I., he skilfully maneuvered his ship through heavy bombing and strafing to tow a disabled submarine to safety. Both his ship and the submarine were saved for further war service. He was awarded the Navy Cross in 1926 for his work in the salvage of the S-51 which sank off Block Island. Commander Hawes enlisted in the Navy in 1917, after graduation from the University of Georgia and Mercer Law School. His home is in Thomson, Ga.



ELTON W. GRENFELL

This lieutenant commander was awarded the Navy Cross. While patrolling in enemy-controlled waters the submarine he commanded sank a 5,000-ton ship and severely damaged a Japanese submarine. Lieutenant Commander Grenfell was born in Fall River, Mass. He attended the Durfee High School at Fall River and was graduated from Annapolis in 1926. He attended submarine school at New London, Conn. in 1928. Lieutenant Commander Grenfell reported to Mare Island, Calif. in February 1941 for duty in charge of fitting out a submarine of which he later assumed command. His home is at 12 Barry Place, Radburn, N. J.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



21-Ton Cow!

Daybreak, May 21, 1942. The last drops of milk rang in the pail. Vigilant officials of the Holstein-Friesian Association of America jubilantly certified the astounding final figures.

Carl Gockerell, veteran milker of two *previous* Carnation champions, in 1920 and 1936, had finished his task of milking—every six hours for 365 consecutive days—a new and *greater* champion.

A world's record for milk production had been made . . . significant event in days when factories and men, and farms and *cows*, must *all* produce more.

* * *

Let's award a medal, then, for patriotic service, to beautiful, contented *Carnation Ormsby Madcap Fayne*, now resting on her laurels at the Carnation Milk Farm near Seattle. Here is her claim to fame:

* * *

* * * In one year she produced 41,943.4 lbs. of milk . . . approximately 21 tons.

* * * She broke by 3336.8 lbs. the previous world's record, made at the same farm, in 1936, *by her half-sister*.

* * * Her daily average was 115 lbs.—53.5 qts.

* * * On one "peak" day she gave 146.5 lbs.—68 qts.

* * * Her year's production nearly equaled that of 9 ordinary cows (U. S. average, 4742 lbs.).

A NEW WORLD'S MILK RECORD!

Nearly 21 tons of milk in one year . . . 9 times the average cow's production! That is the record made by a contented Carnation cow, *Carnation Ormsby Madcap Fayne*, shattering the previous world's record by the amazing margin of 3336.8 pounds.

No other cow . . . of any breed, in any land, in any century . . . ever made an official record approaching that of *Carnation Ormsby Madcap Fayne*.

* * *

Yet this cow is neither a freak nor an accident. *She was bred for production.* She is the logical result of a definite Carnation program that, for thirty-two years, has been developing *better cows, producing better milk.*

Carnation's famous experimental farm was started in 1910. There, in 1920, *Segis Pietertje Prospect* made a record as great in its day as the new one is in ours . . . 37,381.4 lbs. of milk in a single year.

There, in 1936, *Carnation Ormsby Butter King* broke *two* world's records at once, for both milk and butter, with 38,606.6 lbs. of milk and 1752.5 lbs. of butter.

And now comes *Carnation Ormsby Madcap Fayne*—descended from the first Carnation champion; half-sister of the second; daughter of a 30,000-lb. Carnation cow; and one of four full sisters, the famous "Madcap" sisters, *all* of championship caliber!

It runs in the family. At the Carnation Milk Farm, scientific breeding—and feeding, too—has developed a Cow Family that *transmits* astonishing productivity, through generation after generation.

The whole dairy world is the gainer. Carnation herd sires and foundation cows are shipped to every state in the Union, to Canada, to lands clear around the globe . . . wherever there are progressive dairymen anxious to raise the standards of their herds.

Some of these magnificent animals go to dairymen whose fine herds supply milk to Carnation's many evaporating plants . . . and *all* these dairymen benefit from the lessons learned at Carnation's experimental farm, brought them by Carnation field men, on their daily rounds.

* * *

That's so *you* can get better milk, from better cows . . . when you buy Irradiated Carnation Milk.

CARNATION COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WIS., TORONTO, ONT.

IRRADIATED Carnation Milk

"FROM CONTENTED COWS"



PREM: *1 minute*

FRUIT SALAD: *8 minutes*

POTATO CHIPS: *No time*

RESULT: *Balanced picnic lunch*



Sugar-cured

BY THE MAKERS OF

SWIFT'S PREMIUM HAM !

MORE picnics these weeks—for needed relaxation. More need for Prem! Made of fresh lean meat, Prem provides sound, wholesome nourishment, helps give your lunches nutritional balance. And at little cost.

Moreover, Prem is quick. Ready-to-eat, you can serve it cold or serve it hot. It's ready in a jiffy either way.

Sugar-cured the exclusive Swift's Premium way, Prem has the finer flavor and better quality you expect from all meats that bear the Swift's Premium brand. No spices . . . no heavy seasonings . . . nothing to mar Prem's extra goodness. Try Prem *this* week.



SWIFT & COMPANY: PURVEYORS OF FINE FOODS

STANLEY P. MOSELEY



This lieutenant commander, aged 38, was awarded the Navy Cross. He commanded a submarine which made six attacks on Japanese ships in enemy waters, sinking three that totaled 16,000 tons. He returned from patrol without damage to his submarine or injury to personnel. Commander Moseley was born in Mexia, Tex. He was graduated from Central High School, Fort Worth, Tex., in 1919, enlisted in the Navy following year. In 1921 he was appointed to Annapolis from the Naval Service. He has commanded a submarine since 1939. His home is at 4713 Byers Ave., Fort Worth, Texas.

THEODORE JOHN BOSELLI



This Army first lieutenant, aged 26, was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross and Oak Leaf Cluster. Since Dec. 6 he has flown 125,000 miles over the South Pacific combat area, carrying nearly every British and U. S. general stationed in the Far East, evacuating 100 civilians from Java, rescuing two loads of men from Philippines. He so skilfully maneuvered that he never once came in contact with a Jap plane. Born in New York City, he attended high school at New Rochelle, N. Y. and Clemson Agricultural College, S. C. His mother, Mrs. Grace Coggins, lives in New York City.

ROBERT LEE DICKEY



This Marine Corps gunner was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for his heroic conduct and skilful flying during an attempted enemy air raid on Midway Island in March. Along with other Marine fliers he met the attacking force as it approached Midway, downed one plane and repelled the entire force far from its objective. Although wounded in the arm he maneuvered the plane safely to Midway after the engagement. He was born on Dec. 14, 1906 at Neville Island, Pa., enlisted in the Marine Corps at Pittsburgh, Pa., in 1928 and received his recruit training at Parris Island, S. C.

DAVID R. GIBBS



This major in the Army Air Corps was posthumously awarded the Distinguished Service Cross. During an hour and a half of intense bombing and ground strafing in a raid on Clark Field, P. I., Major Gibbs proceeded calmly on foot to the dispersed positions of the squadron which he commanded. With no opportunity for cover he supervised the protection of his equipment and directed his ground crews, all of whom were under fire for the first time. His heroic conduct under fire resulted in saving much equipment which was later used against the enemy. His home was in Albuquerque, N. M.

CECIL E. COMBS



This major in the Army Air Corps was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross. Major Combs led a flight of three Flying Fortresses in an attack on shipping at Mindanao, P. I. under hazardous conditions. The bombers scored a direct hit on a Jap battleship, destroyed supplies and gun positions on shore. Major Combs was born in Dallas, Texas. He was a member of the Texas National Guard for two years and was appointed to West Point in 1932. After graduation from West Point he took flight training at Randolph and Kelly fields. His home is at 212 Reina Street, San Antonio, Tex.



It isn't magic that Schlitz uses to produce that famous flavor. The fact is that it takes more than magic to brew a beer *without a trace of bitterness!* Schlitz isn't bitter because it has just the *kiss* of the hops. It costs more to brew beer this way—to discard fine hops before their bitter part is reached. But Schlitz spares no expense to give you *America's most distinguished beer.*



Copr. 1942, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co.
Milwaukee, Wis.

Schlitz



JUST THE *Kiss* OF THE HOPS
none of the bitterness

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

To land bigger planes on smaller fields

we built this better wheel and brake – to absorb 10 million foot-pounds' energy



TO win the victory, American genius is building fleets of the largest military aircraft the world has ever known.

Out of this experience is coming the "know how" to design still bigger air-mammoths that will make our nation the greatest power in aerial transportation after the war.

Here at Goodyear we are already building tires, wheels and brakes capable of safely landing huge airplanes two to three times larger than any now in regular service — and stopping them handily on runways *shorter* than most transports need today.

This is accomplished by a new improvement in the famous Goodyear Hydraulic Disc Airplane Brake that enables a single brake to absorb five million foot-pounds of energy. By mounting two of these units on a specially designed Goodyear airplane wheel we get a braking action that exerts ten million foot-pounds' stopping power.

Just to show you what this means, a 110,000-pound plane equipped with a dual-wheel landing gear of this type can be set down at 100 miles per hour and brought to a dead stop in approximately one-quarter minute — after a run of only eleven hundred feet!



BUILDING MAGNESIUM-ALLOY AIRPLANE WHEELS *These wheels combine great strength with extreme lightness. Pioneered and developed by Goodyear for use with Hydraulic Disc Brakes.*

Naturally, smaller planes with this new wheel and brake equipment can land in still shorter runs. Thus when peace comes hundreds of American cities will be able to accommodate the great new airliners of the future with airports no larger than they have today.

While serving the nation, Goodyear is building for a better world — tomorrow.

THE FIGHTING SOUTH

It knows that war is hell but that hell is better than dishonor

In the vast conflict that Americans are now engaged in, no one section of the nation can claim a glory greater than any other. But in this war, as in most U. S. wars, the first surge of warlike anger came from the South. The South has hated Hitler from the moment he began trampling down minorities and small nations in Europe. After war broke out in 1939, the South demanded that England be sustained, regardless of what the Nazis did about it. Southern States led the U. S. in volunteer enlistments. When the draft law was passed an Alabama Congressman boasted: "They had to start selective service to keep our Southern boys from filling up the Army."



Since Pearl Harbor the South has had reason to feel a great pride in its fighting men. The first conspicuous American hero of the war was Captain Colin P. Kelly Jr. of Florida. The first award of a Congressional Medal of Honor in this war went, posthumously, to Lieutenant Alexander R. Nininger Jr. of Georgia. The Army's Chief of Staff (George C. Marshall) got his military education not at West Point, but at Virginia Military Institute. Today a general from Arkansas (Douglas MacArthur) commands all United Nations forces in the South Pacific, an admiral from Texas (Chester Nimitz) commands the Pacific Fleet, and a brigadier general from South Carolina (Harry K. Pickett) commands the U. S. Marines in the mid-Pacific.

The fighting spirit which these men share with millions of Southerners is older than U. S. history. The first battle of the American Revolution was fought not at Lexington in 1775, but at Alamance Creek in North Carolina on May 16, 1771. There 1,000 farmers and backwoodsmen, calling themselves Regulators, had assembled to protest the tyranny of the King's officials in western North Carolina. Half of them were unarmed, the rest had rifles and the usual pouchful of bullets. The Royal Governor, William Tryon, fell upon them with a well-drilled army and overwhelmed them. That evening Tryon set the woods on fire so that the wounded Regulators would roast to death, and carried off six of their captured leaders and watched them hanged in nearby Hillsboro, after a drumhead trial for "treason." One of these martyrs was James Pugh, a gunsmith and substantial citizen who, standing with the rope around his neck, uttered words that were prophetic for the South: "Our blood will be as good seed in good ground, that will soon produce one hundred fold." A monument and memorial plaque (*left*) honoring these heroes now stands at Guilford Courthouse, N. C.

The frontier love of freedom which caused the Regulators to rebel is still very much alive in the South. So is the personal dignity, the family pride and sense of honor which found a high expression in the great plantation houses of the seaboard. The photograph below shows one of the greatest of these houses—Stratford Hall on the Potomac River, ancestral home of the Lees of Virginia. The grim walls of Stratford Hall reflect the rocklike character of its builder, Thomas Lee, commander in chief of the Colony and Dominion of Virginia. In it were born Richard Henry Lee (1732) and Francis Lightfoot Lee (1734), both signers of the Declaration of Independence. It was long the home of Henry ("Light Horse Harry") Lee, brilliant general of the Revolution. Robert E. Lee, the South's greatest military genius, was born at Stratford in 1807. It was Lee who remarked during a battle: "It is well that war is so terrible—we should grow too fond of it."

But it took a conquering Northern army and a victorious Northern general, William T. Sherman, to teach the South its deepest lessons about war. Since their time the South has known, as no other U. S. section knows, that war does settle things. It knows too that men may die by fighting, but that nations die only by surrendering. That is why the South today can say, as a great Southerner, Virginia's Carter Glass, said of his own two sons in 1916: "I would rather be pursued through time and eternity by the pitiful apparition of their shattered forms than to see my country dishonored and its flag hauled down in disgrace."



STRATFORD HALL, HOME OF THE VIRGINIA LEES, HAS FOUR-SIDED CHIMNEY STACKS FROM WHICH THOMAS LEE WATCHED HIS SHIPS SAIL UP THE POTOMAC

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HERE SLEEP SIGNERS OF MECKLENBURG

When news of the British attacks on Lexington and Concord, Mass., reached North Carolina in the spring of 1775, the inhabitants of Mecklenburg County gathered in the town of Charlotte and declared themselves "a free and independent people." This Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence was adopted May 20, 1775—more than a year before the rest of the colonies followed suit. The fiery spirit of the Regulators breathes in its first Resolve: "That whosoever directly or indirectly abets or in any way, form or manner, countenances the invasion of our rights, as attempted by the Parliament of Great Britain, is an enemy to his country, to America and the rights of man." The records of this Declaration were destroyed by fire in 1800, but its wording was set down later by men who signed it. Two of the 27 signers, Abraham and Hezekiah Alexander, are buried in the Presbyterian graveyard at Sugaw Creek (*above*).



PRINTS COURTESY THE OLD PRINT SHOP, HARRY SHAW NEWMAN

Southern heroes of the Revolution were chivalrous and brave. This old engraving shows Sgt. William Jasper of South Carolina rescuing American civilians from the British near Savannah, Ga. Jasper was killed in the assault on Savannah, Oct. 8, 1779

General Francis Marion, the South's great guerilla leader, invites a British officer to share his dinner of potatoes and water after bringing him blindfolded to his camp. British called Marion a "damned swamp fox" but he fought just as well on dry land,





THE ATTACK ON CHAPULTEPEC

At the very moment shown in this great battle painting, a U. S. Army of 8,000 is about to complete the conquest of an ancient and powerful city of 200,000 inhabitants, defended by an army of 32,000 brave men. This is the last big fight of the war with Mexico, a war that was begun, directed, commanded and largely fought by Southerners. On March 9, 1847, an American army under the Virginian Winfield Scott landed at Vera Cruz. In six months it hacked a way through more than 300 miles of hostile jungle and mountain country, winning five pitched battles against superior enemy forces. On the morning of Sept. 13 it stood before



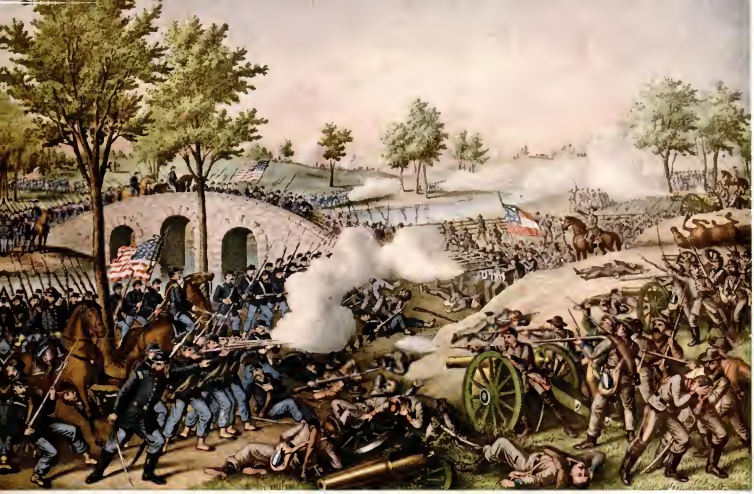
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the fortress of Chapultepec, crowning a hill of porphyritic rock. Two miles away, across the Belen aqueduct (*at right in painting*) was the gate to Mexico City.

On the morning of March 13 General Gideon J. Pillow of Tennessee assaulted the western face of Chapultepec (*at extreme left in painting*). General John A. Quitman of Mississippi (*second man from left on horseback*) sent his men against the southern side of the hill and swept the approaches to the aqueduct. In the painting (*left, background*) behind their respective State flags, regiments from South Carolina, New York and Pennsylvania are heading for a breach in Chapultepec's outer wall. The South Carolinians got there first. Soon afterward the fortress fell.

James Walker, an interpreter with the American Army in Mexico, got $6,000 from Congress for this painting of Chapultepec, which now hangs on the west grand stairway in the Senate wing of the U. S. Capitol.

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At Antietam Creek, Md., on Sept. 16–17, 1862, 40,000 Southern troops under General Lee fought 70,000 Northerners under General McClellan to a bloody standstill. Federal cannon controlled stone bridge over the creek, giving McClellan additional advantage.

At Gettysburg, Pa., the singing courage of the South was pitted against the dogged bravery of men in Federal blue in great climax of the War Between the States, July 1–3, 1863. Wounded Southern prisoners are shown being led off while the battle rages.



PRINTS COURTESY THE OLD PRINT SHOP, HARRY SHAW NEWMAN



THE CITADEL IS A SCHOOL FOR WARRIORS

A career at arms is the most honorable one that a young Southern gentleman can follow. In the picture above are some of the 1,300 young gentlemen who have embarked on that career at The Citadel, South Carolina's great military college which is just a century old this year. The Citadel was organized at a time when Charleston was aroused by a threatened slave uprising. Its first cadets went to class in an armory. The first shots of the Civil War were fired by Citadel cadets who on Jan. 9, 1861 drove away the *Star of the West* as that steamer was trying to relieve Fort Sumter. After the war U. S. authorities kept The Citadel closed until 1881. Today The Citadel has a new set of buildings near Charleston's Hampton Park. It still proudly carries on its colors the gray battle streamer of the Confederacy. There were a dozen Citadel graduates on Corregidor when it fell. Most of this year's class is going directly into the armed forces.

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JACKSON CAME FROM THE SOIL OF THE SOUTH

Out of red earth, flaming sunset skies and a log house in the Waxhaw Creek country where the Carolinas meet (*above*) came Andrew Jackson, the greatest fighting American of all. A British army swept through the Waxhaws in 1781 and 14-year-old Andy Jackson became a prisoner of war. He refused an order to stoop down and clean a British officer's boots and the officer struck him with a sword, cutting his arm to the bone and gashing his forehead. That blow made Jackson a soldier for life. The hot Celtic blood of Scotch-Irish highlanders pounded in Jackson's arteries. As a general he knew only one definition of war: attack and hold your ground. His own soldiers nicknamed him Old Hickory, after the toughest thing they knew. He harried the Spanish out of Florida, smashed hostile Indians in Alabama, won his greatest victory at New Orleans in 1815 when his army of 5,000 riflemen and Gulf Coast pirates annihilated an invading British force of 12,000.



THE HERMITAGE IS THE SHRINE OF OLD HICKORY

The place where Andrew Jackson's hero spirit felt most at home was the white-pillared Hermitage near Nashville, Tenn., which he built in 1819 and where he died in 1845. He would rather have stayed there, watching over his cotton fields and race horses, than to have served his two terms as President. Today any American can see at the Hermitage the furniture and paintings and books among which Jackson lived, the weapons he carried to war, the priceless scenic wallpapers he imported for his front hall (*above*). But more Americans of today should know by heart the words which Jackson once addressed to a despondent governor of Tennessee who had written to advise a retreat when the going was hard: "Arouse from yr. lethargy—despite fawning smiles or snarling frowns—with energy exercise yr. functions—the campaign must rapidly progress or . . . yr. country ruined. . . . What—retrograde under these circumstances? I will perish first."

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AT BULL RUN THE SOUTH WON TWO VICTORIES

Bull Run is a shallow, meandering, musky-smelling creek which in summertime is choked with mint and other watery plants. But in the books of U. S. history, Bull Run is a shining symbol of superior Southern fighting skill. On July 21, 1861, the raw young armies of the North and South met beside Bull Run in the first pitched battle of the Civil War. Storm center of the battle was the Stone Bridge on the road to Washington (from beneath which the above picture was taken) and nearby Henry Hill, to the south. The North had the larger army and the advantage of attacking first. But the South had the best generals ("Stonewall" Jackson, Beauregard) and the hardiest fighting men. Both sides crossed and recrossed Bull Run at many places, but that night saw the beaten Northern volunteers fleeing toward Washington. On Aug. 24, 1862, General Robert E. Lee outsmarted and defeated the Northern commander, John Pope, in another battle near Bull Run.



AT FRANKLIN THE SOUTH LOST SEVEN GENERALS

Five dead Confederate generals—Cleburne, Strahl, Granbury, John Adams, Gist—were laid out on the long back gallery (*above*) after the battle of Franklin, Tenn. on Nov. 30, 1864. A sixth Confederate general died of wounds, a seventh was captured, and five received lesser wounds. At Franklin the Confederate Army of Tennessee, which had retreated most of the time for three years and had just escaped from Sherman after the fall of Atlanta, turned on its foes with suicidal bravery. The Northerners were strongly entrenched in the village; the Confederates had to charge through two miles of open field to get at them. They charged again and again, until they were stumbling over heaps of their own dead in the darkness. More than 6,000 men went down in a few hours. Franklin came toward the close of a long war, in which the South was worn down by Northern superiority in men, money and machines. But in that twilight hour, the South fought on.

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MacARTHUR WAS DESTINED TO BE A SOLDIER

Douglas MacArthur was literally born and raised among the fighting men of the U. S. Army. His birthplace, on Jan. 26, 1880, was in the officers' quarters of the old Federal Arsenal at Little Rock, Ark. (*above*). He heard his first battle at the age of 4, when Indians attacked his father's post in New Mexico. He went to school with wild young Southerners at the West Texas Military Academy near Fort Sam Houston. He was No. 1 man in his class at West Point. In World War I he was a fighting general—he went on trench raids with his men and once attacked a German machine-gun nest with only a bayonet. He was wounded and gassed and decorated. Unlike most generals, he lived to become an even greater hero in a later and greater war. That war is still undecided, but Douglas MacArthur is living the words he spoke to Australia and to the world on March 21, 1942: "In any event I shall do my best. I shall keep the soldier's faith."



SERGEANT YORK SHOWS HIS SON HOW TO SHOOT

The middle-aged farmer and mountain storekeeper who is shown above, holding his coat open to keep the sun off the sights of his 12-year-old son's rifle, is Alvin C. York of Pall Mall, Tenn., the most celebrated American soldier of World War I. On Oct. 8, 1918, while leading a patrol of eight men in the Argonne Forest, Sergeant York killed 20 German soldiers, captured 132 others and put 35 German machine guns out of action. Sergeant York is a plain, serious man who has worn well as a U. S. hero. He has helped build schools and roads for his neighbors in the mountains. He likes to drop in at Army camps these days and make short, pointed talks to the soldiers. Recently he turned down an offer to return to the Army as a major —he prefers to remain Sergeant York. On Saturdays he gets his numerous sons and nephews together for an informal target shoot beside his store. "All of the Yorks," he remarked recently, "are pretty good shots."

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THE SOUTH IS PROUD OF THE COLIN KELLYS

Captain Colin P. Kelly Jr., first American hero of World War II, came from a house almost hidden in sweet-scented shrubbery near the town of Madison in northern Florida. Inside the house, leaning against the living-room mantel, is a family musket on which a tag reads: "This gun was used against the British in the Revolutionary War and the War of 1812 and was a menace to deserters and robbers in the Civil War." Both of Colin's parents (*above*) are from distinguished Southern families. Colin Sr. taught his son to shoot when he was 10. His mother flew with him in an Army plane. From the Philippines last November Colin sent his mother the shawl she is wearing in this picture. A few days later—on Dec. 10—he and his Flying Fortress crew bombed a Japanese invasion fleet. On the way back their plane was shot down and Colin Kelly was killed. The last thing his copilot remembers was Captain Kelly shouting to his gunners to do their stuff.



THE YOUNG MEN OF D'LO HAVE GONE TO FIGHT

In many a Southern town today the streets are empty of young men. In many a Southern county it is considered almost a disgrace to be drafted. There is a war on and the country is in danger. When that happens the young men of the South drop what they are doing and go off to fight. From the Deep Southern hamlet of D'Lo, Miss., for instance, 61 volunteers have been accepted for the Army and Navy. D'Lo's peacetime population was about 400. If the rest of the country had done as well as that, the U. S. would have 20,000,000 men in uniform right now. There are not many men of fighting age left in D'Lo. Some of the older folks and the barefoot boys gather around noon each day at the post office (*above*) to pick up their mail and talk about the war. The only important news so far is that one man from D'Lo was killed in the bombing of Hawaii Dec. 7. The boys of D'Lo are hoping that the war lasts a few years longer, because they want to fight too.

CLOSE-UP

DONALD NELSON

The director of the War Production Board came out of Hannibal, Mo. by way of the Sears, Roebuck catalog

by NOEL F. BUSCH

Ten years or so ago, Donald Marr Nelsoo, chairman of the War Production Board, took up the game of golf. He learned it out of a book—Alex Morrison's *A New Way To Better Golf*—and was presently able to outdrive Sammy Snead, the famous professional, in a contest at White Sulphur Springs. The driving cootest between Nelson and Snead followed a convention of the Artists and Writers Golf Association, which Nelson was attending as a guest. When one of the more Bohemian members of the organization snobbishly questioned Nelson's qualifications for attendiog this fiesta, Nelson gave a characteristic answer.

"Why, sir," he said, "I am editor and publisher of one of the most powerful magazines in the country. I decide on illustrations, edit editorials and have the final word on every article in the book."

"Really?" replied the Bohemian, much impressed, "aod what magazine is that?"

"The Sears Roebuck catalog," answered Nelsoo.

His response oo this occasioo was a typical understatemeot. In addition to being editor of the Sears Roebuck catalog (circ. 12,000,000), he was vice president of the firm, a $70,000-a-year job which iocluded running not only the catalog but also a billion-dollar-a-year business. Although the WPB job pays less—$15,000 a year—it is somewhat bigger, since it involves the expenditure of about $4,000,000,000 a month. Nonetheless, it is much the same sort of work. This circumstance alone would be enough to make Nelson unique in Washington, where few of the dignitaries currently ruoning the war effort hold dowo jobs remotely analogous to the ooes they held in civil life. Nelson is unique in other ways as well.

With the exception of Jesse Jooes, a hard-shelled holdover from the Hoover administration, Nelson is practically the only businessman who has attained real governmeotal authority in the last decade. Everyone else in Washington exudes excitement. Nelson exudes calm. Washington is full of intellectuals. Nelson reads chiefly for instruction and loathes writing so much that he seldom sends a memorandum and refuses to carry a brief case. Finally, and most significantly, while almost everyooe else in Washington is under fire for not doing his job well enough, Nelson has done his so well that he is fast becoming a first-rate nuisance.

When Nelson was put in charge of WPB last January, U. S. war production was in the doldrums. Under William Knudsen the OPM had helped get the manufacture of armaments under way but failed to solve the major problems of conversion. Liaison between the OPM and the Army, moreover, was such that in some cases the Army refused to divulge its long-range needs oo the ground that these were military secrets. Since Nelson took over, production has boomed to such a degree that it has caused new bottlenecks in raw materials and transportation. Some of this improvement is due simply to the factor of time but most is directly traceable to the chairman's extraordinary feat of transforming an apparently incompetent organization into one whose accomplishments have outdistanced even the most wishful prophecies.

Nelson's emergence as the No. 1 figure of the war effort came about in typical style. For several months before Pearl Harbor, the President had been under pressure to appoint a single war-production chief. Meanwhile, as head of Knudsen's priorities board and director of SPAB in a complex setup that deprived him of all real authority, Nelson had been under pressure from his own associates to tell the President about the organizational problems that were impeding his efforts. Partly because he felt it might reflect discredit on Knudsen, Nelson refused to do so. Finally, shortly before Dec. 7 a group of Nelson's subordinates took their boss to dinner at a restaurant called the Chinese Lantern. There, over bowls of bird's-nest soup, they gave him a stern lecture on his duty to the nation. Nelson responded favorably. The subsequent White House conversation, in the course of which the President offered Nelson his present job, was a good example of Nelson's koack for getting what he wants with a minimum of fuss. When the President offered to draw up an executive order, Nelson's famous suggestion, to the effect that the President let him draw it up himself, was made in the tone of a junior executive offering to relieve his superior of a disagreeable chore.



Brought to OPM from the Treasury Department, which had originally borrowed him from Sears as a good man to help advise the British Purchasing Commission, Nelson had by this time been sized up in Washington as a dependable mediocrity or, in bureaucratic double-talk, a No. 2 man. Never having encountered many businessmen outside the pages of leftist fiction or the movies, Nelson's rival bureaucrats expected him to behave like a Hollywood executive and fire everyone in sight. Instead, he fired almost no one. Pointing out that it would take months to hire and instruct new men, he set about rearranging those he had already. Although he added two much-needed new departments—a division called Industry Operations to supervise major sources of war material, and a Planning Board to keep him informed of future needs—even Nelson's reorganization of existing personnel was almost painfully unspectacular.

With U. S. production outrunning such goals as 60,000 planes, 30,000 tanks and 86,000,000 tons of steel, WPB has now fulfilled its first function, that of getting the desired goods into the stage where it is up to the armed forces to make good use of them. Its next, and possibly most important, phase of activity will be to keep the program running smoothly despite inevitable shortages. This involves a new and elaborate WPB mechanism officially known as the Production Requirements Plan, which goes into effect this week and encompasses all companies using any critical materials whatsoever. Last week's attack on WPB by the Truman Committee disturbed Nelson less than it did the nation's headline writers. "Changes will be made," he announced characteristically, "but they will be evolutionary rather than revolutionary."

Nelson's oratorical style has been rather frequently displayed of late. It was molded by a YMCA night-school course in public speaking which he took some years ago as part of a campaign in self-improvement, which also included a semester of Addison Sims memory training. It possesses all the virtues and defects common to most Rotarian and Lions Club midday spellbinders and is one of the many things that make its possessor a puzzling phenomenon in a capital where accomplished orators are a dime a dozen. Like his haberdashery, his down-to-earth manner and the Eddie Guest poem which adorns his outer office, it tends to make Nelson seem ordinary and provincial. This error typifies the thinking of an administration that has been rudely termed the mismanagerial revolution. Wishy-washy intellectuals and barroom industrialists are ordinary, since they can be duplicated anywhere in the world, but Nelson is a particularly choice specimen of the most competent civilization the earth has so far produced. Furthermore, far from being provincial, the small town of Hannibal, Mo. where

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Donald Nelson at 53 is a portly, well-preserved businessman who refuses to be alarmed by magnitude of his job but predicts that U. S. economy "will be lean—and believe me, it will be *lean*."



NELSON'S OFFICE IS ACCURATELY PORTRAYED IN "NEW YORKER" BY GLUYAS WILLIAMS

ARE YOU ON A *Suicide Diet?*



You can stuff yourself with food . . . eat so much you can hardly walk away from the table . . . and still be *committing dietary suicide!* Surveys show that millions of Americans are not getting all the vitamins they need.



"HALF-DEAD" A man who is always tired and listless, because of a Vitamin "C" deficiency, makes a mighty dull companion on a holiday.

America enjoys the world's highest standard of living . . . yet the U. S. Government has officially estimated that 45,000,000 Americans are not getting the vitamins they need.

And perhaps the most neglected vitamin of all is "C". Only a few foods contain enough "C". Cooking tends to destroy it.

Do you ever have aching bones? Do minor cuts heal slowly? Has your skin a tendency to "bruise easily" . . . do your gums bleed, do you feel tired, listless, worn-out? These are all signs of "C" starvation.

It's a shame so many suffer Vitamin "C" deficiency—when it's so easy to get all you need. Nature has supplied an abundance of "C" in grapefruit and oranges. Just a glass or two of Canned Florida Grapefruit or Orange Juice daily will furnish all the "C" you need.

Young and old like their deliciously tart flavor. They're so economical, you can afford to serve them to your family every day. Why not start now?



Canned Florida Grapefruit Juice supplies as much Vitamin "C" for as little money that everyone can get all the natural Vitamin "C" they need . . . just by drinking a glass or two a day!



FLORIDA offers you a choice of three delicious canned juices—grapefruit or orange juice, or a tasty blend of the two. All are wonderful sources of Vitamin "C".



SAVE SUGAR! Serve Canned Florida Grapefruit Sections—or Canned Florida Citrus Salad.



Canned **FLORIDA** *Citrus Fruits*

GRAPEFRUIT SECTIONS • GRAPEFRUIT JUICE • ORANGE JUICE
BLENDED ORANGE & GRAPEFRUIT JUICES • CITRUS SALAD



On high-school baseball team, Nelson (*arrow*) played first base. His boyhood hero was not Mark Twain but Hannibal's No. 1 celebrity, Jake Beckley of the Cincinnati Reds.

DONALD NELSON (continued)

Nelson comes from has a much better claim than Washington, which has never produced a single leader of any kind whatever, to being called the cultural center of the nation.

Nelson's tastes are extraordinary. He likes traveling in upper berths, eating steak for breakfast and driving his own Cadillac sedan. His upbringing in a dingy cottage, his education at a State university and his business career as a buyer specializing in cheap clothes were also most exceptional. For a country whose citizens are accustomed to satisfy their needs by consulting the pages of a mail-order catalog, it may be comforting to know that their government can acquire such specialties as a chief for the greatest armament campaign in history by much the same method. This does not, however, indicate that Donald Nelsons come ready-made in stock sizes but rather the reverse. Furthermore, it is precisely because other nations cannot produce such characters or even understand the means of doing so that the U. S. is periodically put to the nuisance of pinning Europe's ears back in a war.

The claims of Hannibal, Mo. (pop. 20,865) to U. S. cultural preeminence are well-founded. It was the home town of Mark Twain and the scene of his best books. Situated between North and South, Hannibal is equipped with the energy of the former and the traditions of the latter. The Mississippi River, which flows parallel to Main Street, insures a proper leavening of outside influences. Washingtonians are surprised at Nelson's polite habit of prefacing his remarks with "Sir." Everyone in Hannibal prefaces his remarks this way and schoolchildren there are also taught that "Yes'm" does not equal "Yes, ma'am." The simple fact is that Hannibal is full of able, cultivated and intelligent human beings, most of whom, unlike Washingtonians, would inevitably have made a mark in the world except that they have brains enough to stay at home and enjoy life.

Nelson and Mark Twain met in church

More characteristic than the fact that Twain came from Hannibal and wrote books about it is the fact that he was wise enough to return there in his old age, considering its judgment final. When Twain got back to Hannibal he had long since been recognized as a literary master but Hannibal's estimate was not corrupted by this circumstance. The town's leading citizens remained divided as to whether Twain should be accorded homage or restored to his previous rating as a ne'er-do-well river rat until his good behavior justified the former. When this occurred Twain, who had been lionized in London, was tentatively accepted. The old lady whom Twain had immortalized as Becky Thatcher was fished up out of her dotage and induced to accompany Twain to special services. In order to make sure that the pews would be suitably filled, the town's schoolchildren were recruited from other congregations and presented to the aging couple on the steps after the sermon. Donald Nelson, then a schoolboy, shook hands with Twain along with his contemporaries, but the experience made no mark on him since he already had more vital things to think about.

When asked about his early life, Nelson usually specifies that in Hannibal he came from the wrong side of the creek. This recollection is chiefly important because it is untrue. In the first place, Bear Creek,



Team was reassembled last month when Nelson, after being given degree by Missouri University, visited his home town. Nelson has moved from floor to position of honor.

which divides Hannibal from west to east, is by no means a formidable social barrier. In the second place, Nelson was actually born on the north, or right side, of Bear Creek. He moved across it when, after the death of his own mother, he was sent to live with hers. This transfer, indelibly associated with a sense of loss, may have given Nelson a childish sense of social insecurity. He grew up serious, inquisitive and more mature than most of his contemporaries, a tendency which was increased by close association with his mother's mother. Mrs. Patterson, a remarkable old lady of Scotch descent, had remarried after the death of her first husband, reared three children of her own and two of her children's. She was in her spry late sixties when Donald went to live with her. Long experience had made her a specialist in the art of raising small fry.

Donald observed that his grandmother was regarded as a notable member of the community. He ascribed this to her quiet, judicious and orderly way of doing things and tried to copy it. When she told him he had to do his homework before going out to play in the afternoons, Nelson obeyed. When she sent him uptown to pay the grocery bill, he did so promptly and was not surprised when the grocer rewarded him with jelly beans. Grandmother Patterson had a shelf full of books which she read to Nelson and his friends. They enjoyed each other's company generally. Nelson's father, a well-paid locomotive engineer on the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad, was an intermittent member of the ménage. Nelson Sr. implanted in his son a fondness for vehicular motion. Nowadays Nelson usually elbows his chauffeur out of the front seat of his Cadillac sedan, finding it more restful to drive himself. In childhood he was an expert trick rider on a bicycle and envied by his playmates for possession of a conveyance almost as glamorous as his father's locomotive. This was a fancy cart pulled by a billy goat given him by Nelson Sr., with which he had a personal triumph in a Hannibal parade.

Nelson's chief characteristic as a schoolboy was a kind of parsimony of means in achieving ends. While carefully avoiding the appearance of competing, he found himself, with regularity too great to be coincidental, in situations where outside influences forced him not only to compete but to excel. Nelson impressed his teachers as a student who though potentially brilliant preferred to stand near rather than at the top of his class.

He specialized in science, to which he took a notably pragmatic attitude. When his physics instructor placed a magnet on the table and requested the class to figure out which pole was North, Nelson immediately gave the correct answer. Asked how he had solved so rapidly a problem which supposedly involved experiment, Nelson pointed out that the north end of the magnet had an N on it. Such examples of Newtonian reasoning were frequent and became known to Hannibal science scholars as instances of the "Nelson method."

Nelson's procedure in becoming head of WPB was similar to the one he used in making the Hannibal High School baseball team. Boys on Hannibal's south side played more baseball than boys on the north side. Consequently, Nelson was an expert ballplayer by the time he got to high school but no one was aware of this since few of his grammar schoolmates had accompanied him across Bear Creek to high school. Most boys would instinctively have shown their prowess promptly. Nelson chose the opposite course, waiting until the rumor of his skill had gained such momentum that public opinion forced him to fill a critical vacancy at first base. He became the team's star immediately and helped win a famous game against St. Louis.

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NEW WAY TO SUMMER-TIME BEAUTY

TOUSHAY

Protects hands in soapy water . . . softens dried-out skin

YOU WANT TO BE at your loveliest, all through these summer days! Toushay helps you in *two* wonderful, easy ways.



Your hands protected, even in hot, soapy water! Dainty summer cottons, frequent changes, mean lots of little washings—your hands are constantly in and out of water. Just a few drops of Toushay smoothed on your hands *before* you tackle your summer washables, *before* you do dishes, will protect them from roughness and dryness.

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Toushay is a thrifty luxury—a *little* will help your skin a *lot*. So start your summer *right*. Get a bottle from your druggist today.

Trade-marked Product of Bristol-Myers

Apples for every Eve



Apple Buffet Set. 4 gleaming crystal sandwich or salad plates, apple-shaped. Each ringed to hold its crystal cup. 8 pcs., retail, $1.00 per set.*



Apple Beverage Set. 8 tall crystal tumblers with frosty apple decoration, and 8 apple-shaped coasters that can double for ash trays. 16 pcs., retail, $1.00 per set.*



Apple Salad Set. Mammoth apple-shaped salad bowl of clearest crystal, with plastic fork and spoon. 3 pcs., retail, $1.00 per set.*

(All retail prices west of Denver, $1.25 per set.)

Women from coast to coast are gleaming these crystal apple glassware sets by the score. And no wonder! They're so bright, so full of sparkle and imagination. See these pieces and many more clever Orchard Crystal creations just as attractive, at better department stores everywhere. Make your choice of this shining crystal apple crop ...now!

If your store can't supply you, send us his name and address. Newland, Schneeloch & Plath, Inc., 1107 Broadway, New York.

Orchard Crystal

DONALD NELSON (continued)

Official biographies of Nelson state that he worked his way through the University of Missouri by tending furnaces. In fact, he was largely supported by his father and stoked furnaces not because of his poverty but because of his love of comfort. Boardinghouse proprietors failed to keep his rooms warm enough to please him. Nelson complained repeatedly. When his landlord suggested that he shovel in the coal himself, Nelson agreed to do so.

Equally characteristic of the Nelson method was his strategy in a poker game which also involved his roommate, Sinclair Mainland, later Hannibal's mayor. During the game Nelson lent Mainland several stacks of chips. On their way home Mainland referred to this with some surprise, saying he wondered how Nelson had been able to keep on winning since he had detected one of the other players fixing the deck. "While he was busy fixing the deck, I stole his chips," said Nelson. "I think we came out just about all even."

Nelson's affiliation with Sears Roebuck, which lasted 30 years, began like his sojourn in official Washington, which has so far lasted only two—as a stopgap. Nelson graduated from Missouri in the class of 1911. Sears Roebuck, looking for a promising young man to add to its research staff, wrote the head of Missouri's chemistry department asking him to recommend one. The professor recommended Nelson who, after a wary correspondence about terms, decided to accept the post. Sears laboratories became more important when the war broke out in Europe, causing scarcity in English textiles and German dyes. The firm turned to U. S. substitutes and sent some of its more dispensable young men to research the subject. In line with this program, Nelson was assigned first to take courses in the Lowell Textile Institute and then to work in a woolen mill at Utica, N. Y.

In the considerable Nelsoniana that has appeared since WPB's chief attained national prominence, his conduct at the Utica mills is usually noted as the determinant factor in his career, because while there Nelson wove himself a suit of clothes and wore it home. Nelson did weave a suit of clothes, a gesture which may well have impressed his superiors. He had, however, already impressed them even more deeply by less eccentric methods. While on the Utica payroll, Nelson was still getting paid by Sears. Instead of pocketing both salaries, he sent his Utica pay back to the Sears cashier in Chicago. The cashier did not know how to account for the funds and asked advice from his superior. The dilemma finally came to the notice of Sears's president, the late Julius Rosenwald, who naturally surmised that Nelson must be a youth endowed with the managerial viewpoint. Had Nelson come back to Chicago in a barrel, his future would have still been reasonably certain.

At Sears he was promoted steadily

Rosenwald first promoted Nelson to the post of manager of the boys' clothing department. Nelson handled it well and was put in charge of men's, boys' and work clothes. Shortly after World War I was over, he became an assistant supervisor. This entailed frequent trips to New York and infrequent ones to Europe to buy materials and examine trends. By 1928, when General Wood became Sears president, Nelson was general merchandising manager. As such he helped Wood institute the revolutionary move of opening Sears retail stores throughout the country. Nelson became vice president in charge of merchandising in 1930 and executive vice president nine years later. This was the post he held when called to Washington.

Shortly after leaving college, Nelson married Estelle Land of Slater, Mo., who died after a sudden illness in 1923. In 1926 Nelson married again. The present Mrs. Nelson, the former Helen Wishart of Chicago, is an enthusiastic sculptress and collector of antiques. When Nelson went to Washington she stayed on at Glencoe, Ill. In their Glencoe house, whose interior fittings are a satisfactory combination of Sears Roebuck and Louis XIV, the Nelsons lived quietly. Nelson joined clubs like the conservative Chicago and the livelier Tavern but spent most of his spare time puttering around a darkroom over the garage where he indulged his chemical hobby of developing photographs. Friends who called at the Nelsons' were often entertained in their host's upstairs den, a large bare room with huge windows looking out over Lake Michigan and radiators that run the full length of two walls.

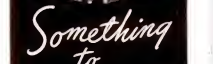
When returning such social visits, Nelson preferred the maximum of informality. At a friend's house, while the rest of the company was chatting on the porch, he would be quite likely to climb into a hammock and take a snooze. Nelson's old friends, most of whom were pre-Pearl Harbor isolationists, find it a little difficult to adjust to the idea that a man in whom they, like Nelson's Washington associ-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 78



Something to CELEBRATE!

CELEBRATE birthdays, engagements, wedding anniversaries, and *Victories* with Heublein's Club Cocktails... justly celebrated for Excellence and Convenience.



6 REASONS WHY

1. No messing—no guessing.
2. You just add ice and serve.
3. Absolutely highest *quality.*
4. Absolutely authentic recipes.
5. Six kinds, to please all tastes.
6. No waste. (*A mixed cocktail in bottle keeps like any other liquor.*)

FREE: Write for *Club Party Book* of snack recipes. G. F. Heublein & Bro., Dept. G-7, Hartford, Conn.

65 proof

HEUBLEIN'S *Club* COCKTAILS

ALWAYS READY—ALWAYS RIGHT

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS For Victory



UNDERWEAR

Remember it by name... wear it and you'll forget you have it on.

Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. by UTICA KNITTING CO., Utica, N. Y.

You can't tell a barrage to "pipe down"!

YOU CAN'T ASK the operator for *a better connection* when you're flat on your belly in a fox hole!

You're on *a party line* with all the noises of hell . . . and you must have . . . you've got to have communication equipment of the highest reliability, the utmost durability.

For 48 years Stromberg-Carlson has been perfecting just this kind of equipment!

Today the same skill that *pioneered in FM radio* is concentrating almost exclusively on building communication equipment for our Army, Navy and Air Forces.

This means fewer Stromberg-Carlsons for home use. But it is also *helping to hasten the day* when you can again buy anything you wish, whenever you want it . . . and that is the important thing!



FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED STATES WAR SAVINGS BONDS

The above illustration is only an indication of the type of communication equipment which we, other manufacturers and sub-contractors are now producing for our armed forces.

In radios, telephones, sound systems . . . there is nothing finer than a **STROMBERG-CARLSON**

© 1942, STROMBERG-CARLSON TELEPHONE MANUFACTURING COMPANY



How to keep cool today . . .

and sleep soundly tonight!



WHAT is more cooling and refreshing on a sultry afternoon than a tall, tinkling glass of iced coffee?

"But," you may say, "iced coffee is *so* much trouble to make! And besides, many people can't drink coffee, hot or iced. The caffein in coffee keeps them awake!"

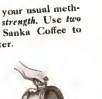
True . . . but here's a recipe for making iced coffee simply and easily . . . a recipe that enables you to have iced coffee on hand, ready to serve, at all times. *And it can't keep anyone awake!*

For it's made with Sanka Coffee . . . the *real* coffee that is 97% caffein-free. Sanka Coffee is *all* coffee, nothing *but* coffee . . . *only* the caffein is removed! It's delicious iced . . . and *you drink it and sleep!*

Recipe for ice-cube coffee



1. MAKE SANKA COFFEE by your usual method*, but make it *double strength*. Use *two* heaping tablespoons of Sanka Coffee to each cup (½ pint) of water.



2. POUR YOUR freshly-made Sanka Coffee into an ice-cube tray. Cool. Set in refrigerator to freeze. A tray of these coffee cubes can be kept on hand, ready for instant use.



3. NOW . . . WHEN iced coffee is wanted, simply heat milk. Do not bring milk to a boil. And do *not* use *cream!*



4. FILL A GLASS with the frozen coffee cubes. Then fill with warm milk. Instantly, you have delicious, refreshing iced coffee . . . of a consistency similar to iced coffee served with expensive cream.



SANKA COFFEE

"Drink it and Sleep"

*SANKA COFFEE COMES IN REGULAR, AND DRIP GRINDS

ates, see nothing very exceptional should have been chosen for his present eminence. Not long ago a Chicago merchant asked Nelson how he could tolerate "that crazy crowd" in Washington.

"Who do you mean, for instance?" Nelson asked.

"Leon Henderson, for instance," said the friend.

"Well, sir, I'll tell you," Nelson answered. "Henderson is one of the straightest-thinking men I know."

During the years when Nelson was practicing it as diligently as possible, U. S. business was undergoing a most extraordinary experience. Since, in effect, business is the U. S., efforts to belittle it patently constitute a sort of treason. Nonetheless, shortly after the last war, apparently animated by an involved kind of masochism, U. S. intellectuals began not only to belittle but to berate, believil and belabor business by every means that came to mind. Sinclair Lewis began the campaign brilliantly in *Main Street* and *Babbitt*. Henry Mencken conducted a sedentary tank campaign in the *American Mercury* and flank movements were carried on by a guerrilla force composed of all the nation's more prosperous poets, fictioneers and movie writers. All this might have been harmless or even salutary save for an unfortunate coincidence. A worldwide depression occurred in 1929 and this made even the wildest ravings of the anti-business thinkers look like a sublime case of truth by revelation. Fundamentally, the question of whether U. S. business is good or bad is about as realistic as the question of whether U. S. air is good or bad. Nonetheless, by 1932 precisely this question had become the chief issue in a presidential campaign. Shortly thereafter George Babbitt had been crowned as an economic royalist, Professor Felix Frankfurter was on his way to the U. S. Supreme Court, Thurman Arnold was busy indicting whole pages of the *Directory of Directors*, and the minority of the nation's population which were still self-supporting were regarded as fifth columnists.

Nelson has realistic view of his job

To a literary liberal, possibly the most disheartening thing about a businessman is that he rarely reads a book and when he does, he fails to understand it. Few businessmen read *Babbitt*. Those who did admired the hero and, most fortunately for their families, continued to commute to work. The recognition by business that it was in the doghouse was consequently postponed until, with the aid of tax lawyers, it tried to extricate itself therefrom about 1937. Even then most businessmen did not know why they had been put there and do not know as yet. Had businessmen been readers of books, they might have perceived a fine example of poetic justice in the circumstance that, when the nation was in deadly peril, it called in as savior a businessman so much like Babbitt that he could have sued the author of that famous work for libel. Not being geared to such aesthetic satisfactions, business took the dramatic reversal in its stride. One reason that businessmen even when inconvenienced by government paid so little attention to its opinion of them is, of course, that businessmen have if anything less use for politicians than they have for authors, who at least amuse their wives. Nelson himself, for instance, considered it inevitable rather than remarkable that when the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 81



On Hannibal visit, Nelson reminisced with Ambrose Coursey at the Mark Twain Hotel. Ambrose once beat him riding a bicycle backward in a race down Main Street.



COPR. 1943 COTY INC.

SET A CHEERFUL WAR-TIME TABLE WITH...

Burlington Tablecloths



Homestead

Size 60" x 80". Four solid gay colors with white plaid. *About $2.95.*



Snack Bar

Size 54" x 54". Bold plaid in four color combinations. *About $1.65.*



Terrace

Size 54" x 54". Plaid in four lovely color combinations. *About $1.65*



Here are gala backgrounds to set off your nutrition-right meals ... to add fun to calory-counting! These sturdy, all-American, all-cotton, woven tablecloths make formal or casual dining an event! In vibrant, modern colors—all Ivory-Tested for washability. Sizes range from bridge to dinner size. Napkins to match. Priced for thrifty war-time budgets. Better stores have them.

BURLINGTON MILLS CORPORATION of New York · 271 CHURCH STREET · NEW YORK, N. Y.

DONALD NELSON (continued)

nation was in a jam a businessman should be called upon to help get it out. He is aware that his present job is an enormous one but it has never for a moment occurred to him that, with the aid of a few business associates, he would be unable to perform it using routine methods.

To say that Nelson was ordered out of the Sears Roebuck catalog is in a sense misleading. Actually, he had served a term in Washington in 1933, helping to inter the NRA, and had kept in touch with the capital thereafter as a member of the Business Advisory Council. Nevertheless, his present position was the result of a long-range bargain which resembled a regular Sears Roebuck transaction. The customer in this instance was Secretary Morgenthau, who called General Wood one day in 1940, described the job he had in mind and asked for the loan of a Sears executive other than Nelson to help him out. Wood declined to let this executive leave and proposed that Morgenthau talk the matter over with Nelson. Nelson went to Washington under the impression that he was to recommend a substitute. Morgenthau took the position that Nelson was himself the substitute and brandished a transcript of his telephone conversation to prove it.

Nelson's present job, while bigger and more difficult than his job at Sears in some ways, is smaller and easier in others. At Sears, for instance, he had to supervise a catalog containing some 100,000 different items and be able to discover at a moment's notice the buying habits and productive capacities of practically every hamlet in the land. At WPB he is specifically concerned with fewer items and, while the stakes are larger, his problem is not complicated by the need for profit. If the U. S. wanted to run a West Point to train production bosses for its future wars, Sears Roebuck would serve as a good model. Conversely, long before the Government borrowed Nelson, Sears had borrowed its president, General Wood, from the U. S. Army. Except for a few smaller mail-order concerns, Sears Roebuck is the only U. S. company which, unlike specialized chain stores and localized general stores, does a national business in everything. Nelson's unique familiarity with the accompanying problems of conversion, production and procurement have frequently come in handy.

Plant conversion was a Sears Roebuck specialty

Minor examples of conversion occurred regularly at Sears which made a policy of supervising its sources, independent or otherwise. When the store wanted a new kind of roller skate, its regular manufacturer refused to retool. Nelson had the skates made by a battery plant which had no preconceived notions on the subject. In 1922 Sears spent several months trying to figure out how to take advantage of Army supplies left over from the war. In one instance, Nelson bought 1,000,000 horse blankets, snipped them around the edges, trimmed them up with denim and sold them all as overcoats for $1 each. When Walter Reuther was frightening the automobile industry a year ago with talk of converting it into plane manufacture, Nelson had several talks with him and remarked to an associate: "No wonder a lot of people around here are scared of that guy. He has more brains than most of them."

Sears's expansion into the retail business, which coincided with his first years as a vice president, taught Nelson the advantages of decentralized production. Currently, WPB is in the process of setting up 13 regional offices, arranged on an autonomous pattern much like Sears' 619 stores. The first thing a Sears executive does when he arrives at the office in the morning is to consult the sales chart. This is an enormous cardboard document on which are recorded geographically and by order number the precise status of every item in the catalog. From it a Sears man can tell not only exactly how every individual product sold the day before but predict how it will sell for any given day in the next month. Almost the first thing Nelson demanded at WPB was the compilation of a similar chart which, partly from force of habit, he examines as soon as he arrives in his office every morning. Far less complex than the Sears chart and in many ways less reliable, it is still good enough to show day-to-day trends. Nelson lets his 24 industry branch heads run their departments to suit themselves so long as his chart indicates that they are doing so satisfactorily. When any item seems to be lagging behind, the chart enables him to spot the difficulty and correct it.

In line with their estimates of him as a No. 2 man, many naïve critics in Washington have complained that Nelson is not "tough enough." Although he prefers to gain his ends without time-consuming arguments, Nelson is capable of firm action. The rapidity of his rise at Sears was due in part to his handling of a difficult situation

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

"BIKE TESTS"* PROVE Etiquet OVER 24% MORE EFFECTIVE AGAINST PERSPIRATION ODOR



NEW ANTISEPTIC DEODORANT CREAM
WORKS 5 WAYS

Copyright, 1943, by Lehn & Fink Products Corporation, Bloomfield, N. J.

1. STOPS under-arm perspiration *odor* 1 to 3 days.
2. STOPS under-arm perspiration *itself* 1 to 3 days.
3. PURE, soothing, antiseptic. Not irritating to normal skin. Safe to use every day. Smells nice and fragrant!
4. PREVENTS clothes-stains, clothes-rot due to under-arm perspiration.
5. WORKS FAST—disappears from sight. Not greasy, not sticky. No need to rinse off. Dab on...dress...dash!

TRIAL SIZE YOUR GIFT WITH 39¢ JAR

Try gift jar FREE. If not satisfied, return large jar unopened, get MONEY BACK. Made by makers of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. At toilet goods counters. Also 10¢ size.

Etiquet DEODORANT CREAM

Stops Under-arm Perspiration and Odor 1 to 3 Days



ONLY NATURAL FLAVORS



Potato salad that sings!—*Mix Durkee's Dressing half-and-half with mayonnaise or salad dressing, stir into your potato salad, and behold—a taste triumph!*

M-M-M in other foods, too! Durkee's does the trick all by itself for other salads, sandwiches, and fancy dressings. Keep a bottle handy always. For Potato Salad and other quick, new recipes, write Durkee Famous Foods, Dept. 17, Elmhurst, L. I., N. Y.



DURKEE'S DRESSING



In Glencoe darkroom, Nelson displays a portrait of a friend developed by himself. A mediocre photographer, he enjoys dabbling with chemicals more than taking pictures.

DONALD NELSON (continued)

that occurred in 1919. Confronted by rising prices, many clothing manufacturers began to hold up promised deliveries on which they stood to make a small profit or none at all, in the hope of selling their goods elsewhere for more. Nelson was delegated to clear up this situation. He spent two weeks in the East and returned with assurances that every contract would be fulfilled as specified. In Washington instances of this sort are multiplied. When Nelson took over WPB it was freely predicted that he would last only until he had a run-in with Jesse Jones, whose proverbial toughness is only exceeded by the tightness of his grasp on RFC's purse strings. The run-in occurred promptly when Henry Kaiser, California's indefatigable constructionist, asked Nelson for a blast furnace in Southern California as a convenience in his plan to build a fleet of ships. When Jones objected to the RFC financing required, Nelson called him on the phone and remarked amicably: "Now, Jesse, you know I really think we're going to want that plant." Jones paid out $8,500,000 and Kaiser will soon be turning out a ship a day.

While he did not scrap the serviceable organization built up by William Knudsen and Sidney Hillman, Nelson has gradually got rid of at least some of its dead wood. Many replacements have been chain-store executives like Lessing Rosenwald, son of Julius, who runs the Bureau of Industrial Conservation; Henry Rose of Sears, who heads the textile division of WPB, and Frank Folsom, editor emeritus of the Montgomery Ward catalog, now liaison officer for WPB in the Navy's Procurement Division.

Most of Nelson's most serious impediments nowadays come from the minority of congressmen who, when not interrupting the war effort singly, do it in droves. Nelson recently remarked that on counting up he found he had testified before a total of 19 committees since March 1941. A reporter who found him waiting to testify before another one asked how he felt about the delay. Nelson replied: "One more drop of water won't hurt a drowned rat." In committee, congressmen are usually concerned about some majestic matter of national policy but those who visit Nelson at his office often have more practical objectives, like calling his attention to the strategic value of placing defense plants in their constituencies. Nelson regards such errands as an unavoidable part of democratic procedure and has given standing orders that any elected Representative be allowed to see him at any time. He becomes mildly puzzled rather than bitter when politicians blame businessmen for lags in the defense effort. Not long ago a committee member suggested that the U. S. businessman was getting too thin-skinned about criticism and should be more like the professional baseball player who expects to be booed by the grandstand when he drops a fly. "Sure," said Nelson, who feels at home with baseball metaphors, "but no one accuses the ballplayer of trying to throw the game."

WPB associates admire Nelson's methods

One of the things that has impressed Nelson's newer associates is his ability to work long hours without visible signs of fatigue. He usually arrives at his office in the Social Security Building about 8, has lunch brought in on a tray and stays on until 7 or thereabouts, leaving his desk clean and taking no papers home with him. Nelson has the useful faculty of getting along well with all sorts of people.



QUICK, SLICK SHAVES
3 times as many

Look what you get in this popular Enders Speed Rit:

1. Enders Speed Shaver—world's fastest shave. Blade clicks in instantly, nothing to take apart. New type hood gives closer, shaves first time over. Prevents nicks, scrapes, razor burn.
2. Semi-automatic leather strop. Triples life of blades.
3. Two packs of blades; shaving stick, comb, smart case.

COMPLETE—$2.50 postpaid. Special—only $2 if sent to man in Armed Service.

ENDERS SPEED SHAVER
gives wings to your morning shave
ENDER ISRAEL & DURHAM-DUCRET RAZOR CORP., DEPT. I, WYSTIC, CONN.



EXPERIENCED Mothers know that summer teething must not be trifled with—that summer upsets due to teething may seriously interfere with Baby's progress.

Relieve your Baby's teething pains this summer by rubbing on Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion—the actual prescription of a famous Baby specialist. It is effective and economical, and has been used and recommended by millions of Mothers. Your druggist has it.

DR. HAND'S
TEETHING LOTION
Just rub it on the gums
Buy it from your druggist today

THE definite purpose of LIFE is to inform its readers of what is going on in the world today—to bring them the news which can best be told in pictures.



Leftist economists like Henderson or Reuther, who are Halloween pumpkin heads to most U. S. industrialists, stimulate and please him. He and William Knudsen became close friends and have remained so. Nelson also seems to acquire a phenomenal loyalty from his subordinates. This may be in part because he does not give them the feeling that they are subordinates. When Nelson was a supervisor at Sears, an economy wave produced a regulation whereby mere buyers could not use the *Twentieth Century Limited* to New York but had to take cheaper trains. Nelson made a point of taking cheaper trains also, usually sharing a compartment and insisting on the upper berth. In New York he stayed at the Commodore Hotel with his assistants and shared their diversions. Usually the group would dine at Luchow's and then go to a show or spend the evening playing billiards at the Murray Hill Hotel, after which the loser would buy drinks for the crowd at Liggett's on the way home. Breakfast was likely to be a group affair at Gertner's, where the waiters knew Nelson well enough to start poaching the eggs as soon as he came in the door.

In Washington, Nelson still often holds informal breakfast-table conferences with his staff in the coffee shop in the Broadmoor Apartments where he has a three-room apartment. His social life is limited to an occasional convivial evening with friends like Knudsen, Henderson and Jones, punctuated by a few rounds of Scotch highballs which Nelson absorbs with relish. He smokes incessantly, sometimes a cigar but more often one of his six dozen or so pipes which are massive-looking instruments, constructed somewhat along the lines of an old-fashioned locomotive boiler. Nelson's pipes and his neckties, which he has made to order bigger than stock size to match his long torso, are almost his only personal idiosyncrasies. In most respects, just as his appearance suggests George F. Babbitt cast in heroic mold, he thinks and feels and acts as much like the average U. S. citizen as an average citizen has any right to do. By and large, if the U. S. population had been sifted to find the one man who best and most completely represented the way of life for which the war is being fought, Nelson would have been an almost ideal choice.

Nelson's Chicago office awaits his return

The abnormal degree of normality which characterizes Nelson was, of course, invaluable to him in his career as editor of the Sears Roebuck catalog. It may also be one of the things that accounts for his imperturbability as well as his efficiency in his present post. When he visited Chicago a few weeks ago, Nelson stopped in to see his old associates at the home office and sat down for a few minutes at his own desk which has been scrupulously kept just as he left it. Even Hitler might have been astonished to observe what his most formidable adversary did next. Opening the Sears catalog that is always handy, Nelson thumbed through the pages, commented favorably on the new spring format and ordered himself tooth paste, shaving soap and six suits of Pilgrim Nobility Notch Coat Style pajamas, No. 33 L 970, at $2.95 each.



Nelson's Chicago office in Sears administration building is maintained exactly as he left it two years ago. A new copy of the Sears catalog is kept on desk for his return.



"YOU M-M-M-MEAN," said the Sorrowful Bride, "It w-w-won't have *ice splinters?*"

"Not a smidgin of a splinter," smiled Elsie, the Borden Cow.

"And no *starchy taste* or *flat flavor?*" asked the Bride, drying her eyes.

"Precisely," said Elsie. "Use Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk and you do away with all *three* jinxes of homemade refrigerator ice cream."

"It sounds *heavenly*," beamed the Bride.

"It *tastes* heavenly, too," said Elsie. "Eagle Brand makes the creamiest, *s-moo*-thest, tastiest ice cream that ever melted in your mouth."

"What's more," Elsie went on, "it's literally a *cinch* to make ice cream the Eagle Brand way. Just follow the recipe in the leaflet that comes with every can. And not only is it economical—but lookit! You don't need added sugar. Eagle Brand is milk *and* sugar, too. Why not get a can at your grocer's this very day."



Magic Vanilla Ice Cream
(Automatic Refrigerator Method)

½ cup (1½ oz.) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
½ cup water
1½ teaspoons vanilla
1 cup whipping cream

Mix Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, water, and vanilla. Chill. Whip cream to custard-like consistency. Fold into chilled mixture. Freeze in freezing unit of refrigerator until half frozen. Scrape from freezing tray. Beat until smooth, but not melted. Replace in freezing unit until frozen. Serves 6.

IF IT'S BORDEN'S IT'S GOT TO BE GOOD!



NO ADDED SUGAR NEEDED to make many ice creams, frostings, cookies, and pie fillings with Eagle Brand. It is milk *plus* sugar. Magic Recipe Leaflet on every can tells how to make oodles of desserts . . . candies, too!

© Borden Company



BUY WAR BONDS FOR VICTORY



AT TEA IN ARMORY, GIRL GUESTS CUT GRADUATION CAKE WITH OFFICERS SWORDS



AFTER FINAL EXAMS, SENIORS POUR JOYOUSLY OUT OF CLASSROOMS FOR THE LAST TIME

Life Goes to a Military Prep School

Fun and fervor mark Commencement at Shattuck



Ivy-clad archway leads to school's parade grounds, surrounded by turreted buildings made of limestone quarried in nearby Faribault. Shattuck's 240 acres of land sprawl on high bluff beside the Straight River.



After graduation, three seniors take oath as second lieutenants. They are Herschel Jones of Minneapolis, Richard Parker of Portland, Ore., James Ogden of Clinton, Ia.



PAST ROWS OF UNDERGRADS AT ATTENTION, SENIORS MARCH INTO CHAPEL FOR EVENSONG



SITTING OUT DURING DANCE, BOY IN FRONT TELLS GIRL HE WILL GO TO WEST POINT

Bugles sounded and flags flew on the beautiful wooded campus of Minnesota's Shattuck School last month. Another class, 82nd in the school's proud history, was graduating with traditional ceremony and sentiment. Poignant and timely note was the simultaneous induction of three seniors as second lieutenants in the U. S. Army. The boys, under 21 but tempered and tough, were sworn in immediately after the commencement exercises (*see opposite page*).

Shattuck gave them and their classmates a rousing send-off. For two days, smartly uniformed cadets paraded and drilled before beaming parents and pretty girls. They went to teas, church services, danced in the armory. When it was all over, the diplomas and the awards distributed, many a senior eye was moist. A few of these boys will go to West Point or Annapolis; most plan to go to college. But their carefree days may well be done. If they follow in the footsteps of World War I graduates, one out of four will see armed service before the year is out.

Oldest military prep school in the U. S., Shattuck's alumni include generals, admirals and bishops. Former commandants include General Lewis C. Beebe, who was captured on Corregidor, and General Richard K. Sutherland, MacArthur's chief of staff. In time of peace, Shattuck sends more men to the church than to the Army. In time of war, it becomes an arsenal of youth.



Tent was set up for alumni, called Old Shads, who came back 115 strong including one member of the class of '85. One third of present Shattuck boys are sons or brothers of Old Shads.



Old Shads line up for drill to prove they still have martial spirit. But most had forgotten meaning and timing of commands, stumbled and bumbled about as the undergrads roared gleefully.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

MAKE DELICIOUS SUMMER
RUM DRINKS WITH THE NEWEST

Taste Sensation

Ron MERITO



Mountain-distilling, crystal-clear mountain water and mountain-grown sugar cane — these are the reasons for the sensationally better flavor of Ron Merito . . . a rare flavor — plus distinctive fragrance and delicate smoothness . . . not to be found in any other rum. Tonight—try this newest taste sensation from tropical Puerto Rico. Try it in your favorite rum drinks and see what a remarkable difference mountain-distilling makes!



Available in Gold Label and White Label

THEY'RE MORE DELICIOUS WHEN
"MADE WITH MERITO!"

MOUNTAIN COOLER
Juice of ½ lemon. 1 jigger RON MERITO (Gold Label). Serve in highball glass with ice, and fill with club soda. Stir.

DAIQUIRI
Juice of ½ green lime, ½ teaspoon sugar, 1 jigger RON MERITO (White Label). Shake well in cracked ice.

RUM HIGHBALL
1 jigger RON MERITO (Gold Label). Serve in highball glass with ice. Fill with sparkling water or ginger ale.

CUBA LIBRE
1 jigger RON MERITO (Gold Label or White Label). Serve in highball glass with ice, and fill with cola drink.

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORP., N. Y. • 86 PROOF



In various stages of dress and undress, cadets hang over railings of Whipple Hall. Its walls are covered with the names of Old Shads who have entered U. S. armed forces.



During an intermission at the commencement dance, girls pin badges and kisses on members of next year's flag company. Note agonized and jeering onlookers in rear.



Robert ("Goose") Gossett of Sioux City, Iowa, gives thumbs-up sign to roommates in a final bull session. Room is now stripped of belongings though Petty girls still hang.



Sitting out a dance in the gun room, Ted Hartley of Des Moines impresses his girl by telling her that he has just won appointment to Annapolis, will go East immediately.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 89

SURE YOU INHALE
_SO PLAY SAFE
with your throat!

You can't avoid some inhaling—but you *can avoid worry about throat irritation*, even when you *do* inhale.

Doctors who compared the leading favorite cigarettes report that:

SMOKE OF THE FOUR OTHER LEADING POPULAR BRANDS AVERAGED *MORE THAN THREE TIMES AS IRRITATING*—AND THEIR IRRITATION *LASTED MORE THAN FIVE TIMES AS LONG*—AS THE STRIKINGLY CONTRASTED PHILIP MORRIS!

When you smoke PHILIP MORRIS, you enjoy finer tobaccos—*plus this exclusive, proved* protection!



CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

AMERICA'S FINEST CIGARETTE

From Cold "Cable-ese" to a Great Radio Show...

MMO

ONEMILLION ONE HUNDRED FIFTY THOUSAND VOTES
WHILE ENTIRE OPPOSITION LEHAVE TOTALLED ABOUT
SEVENHUNDREDFIFTY THOUSAND STOP

COMMANDOS RAIDED BOULOGNE AREA LSNIGHT FIRING
DOCKS UPBLOWING AMMUNITION STORES TAKING MOREN
30 PRISONERS NAZI OFFICER ETSOME CIVILIANS
ANXIOUS JOIN COMMANDOS STOP

1. **Not much of the blood-red, blackface drama** of a Commando raid comes across in flash radiograms. From such cryptic messages it is hard for the public to sense the panic-spreading stealth of these invasions. And we are even less likely to grasp the significance of these items about "taking prisoners."



2. **But Steve Laird and his wife Lael,** TIME-LIFE-FORTUNE correspondents formerly in Berlin and now in London, know that these snatched-up enemy soldiers and friendly civilians bring not only valuable military information—they also bring us firsthand reports on conditions in Hitler's simmering Europe.



3. **So to the March of Time microphone** in London, the Lairds bring a willing passenger just ashore from a returning Commando invasion barge. Then you at your radio hear the voice of a Frenchman, or a Dutchman, or a Norwegian, telling what his countrymen are really thinking as they begin their third year of slavery.



4. **Are the people cowed by the tattoo** of the firing squad? How is the Nazi "new order" getting along? Is Europe willing to stand by the "four freedoms" and help make them come true? The March of Time brings you some of the answers—shows you again and again what the terse, cold cables from all over the globe mean to mankind and to you.

EXPERIENCES LIKE THIS—new insights into humanity's stake in the news—are waiting for you every Thursday night now in the wartime radio March of Time.

From London and Cairo, from Russia and Australia, from Ankara, New Delhi, Washington, Chungking . . . the March of Time now lets you hear from the people whom you read about each week in TIME.

In addition, the details and color supplied by TIME correspondents to TIME's editors helps the March of Time to re-create events with all the dramatic impact of reality.

And so close are these correspondents to the explosive newsfronts—so swift and flexible is the new radio March of Time set-up—that the news they bring you on Thursday nights is completely fresh, vital, and unexpected. The news of the day . . . as well as the news of the week.

Listen in on Thursday nights for the fresh news—for the moving, human angle on the bare communiqués. Become a March of Time listener. Wiser than the average citizen, both before and after the news happens. Richer in the sympathy of shared experience. A better American and a more able citizen of this new-forming world.

The March of Time

Radio's most dramatic coverage of the news you need to know

THURSDAY · 10:30 P.M., EWT · NBC NETWORK



Before the ceremony at which he received commission as lieutenant, Richard Parker packs hastily. He still wears the black-striped gray trousers of the Shattuck uniform.



Leaving school after ceremony, Parker now wears uniform of U. S. Army. Besides excelling in military science and tactics, he was a letter man at football and baseball.



"STILL SMOKING THOSE OLD-FASHIONED CIGARETTES, MR. BOGGS?

Go modern—
Smoke REGENT!

MR. BOGGS, you worry me. You're much too modern a man to be smoking those dated cigarettes. Streamline your smokes...get Regent. It's oval in shape...is so modern you can see *and* taste its superiorities!

You see, Mr. Boggs, Regent's King Size...20% longer than outmoded "shorties"...gives you much more cigarette for your money. And Regent's crush-proof box never lets your cigarettes get crumply, as paper packs do. It keeps each Regent firm and fresh!

And when it comes to taste, Mr. Boggs...u-m-m... Regent's simply wonderful! It has a refreshing *new* taste...because it's made with Domestic and Turkish tobaccos *specially selected* for finer flavor... then Multiple-Blended for extra mildness. So go modern, Mr. Boggs...get Regent...and you'll get *more* smoking pleasure!"

COSTS NO MORE THAN OTHER LEADING BRANDS

REGENT CIGARETTES
KING SIZE

The only modern cigarette with ALL the modern features!

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

TEETHING DEVICE

Sirs:

We call this picture "Barbara Reeder, Snake-eater." The young lady is our daughter, 5½ months old, who is cutting her first tooth in a rather unique teething ring. For one so young she shows an amazing interest in our profession, zoology. This king snake (nonpoisonous) is 3 ft. 8 in. long and only one of her many live playthings. As you see, Barbara is without fear and the snake, which is good-natured in captivity, coils contentedly around her as she plays with him in her basket. Incidentally, she demonstrates the correct way to hold a snake—behind its head—a fact which few grownups know.

CHARLES W. SCHWARTZ
Columbia, Mo.



PREEN-UP TIME

Sirs:

As one of many who are opposed to glamor girls ever completely forgetting their duty as such, I would like to present this evidence that they do not. Undeterred by the lack of time and the stern workmanlike surroundings of the Cessna Aircraft Company plant of Wichita, Kan., Miss Mina Weber, 20-year-old riveter in the sheet-metal department, uses the mirror-finish of a sheet of aluminum to do what I gather is technically called freshening up her make-up. I understand this is excellent for feminine morale—and believe me, for ours.

LOUIS C. NELSON
Wichita, Kan.





"He's so far over par on the 19th hole pretty soon even ENO won't help him!"

Smoking, eating or drinking to excess may bring on headaches, heartburn, and the heavy, stuffy feeling of acid indigestion. When that happens, just remember—a dash of sparkling, tangy-tasting Eno in a glass of water helps alkalize by relieving excess stomach acid. A larger quantity taken before breakfast acts as a refreshing laxative. Buy world-known Eno . . . and use anytime you feel out-of-sorts.

Whenever You Eat, Drink or Smoke Too Much . . . *Take*

ENO

The Effervescent Saline THAT TASTES SO GOOD

IF YOU WANT

to subscribe to LIFE, write to
F. D. PRATT, *Circulation Manager*
LIFE—330 East 22nd Street
Chicago, Illinois
AND ENCLOSE $4.50

When Your Eyes Are Tired

DO THIS



Eyes tired? Do they smart and burn from overwork, sun, dust, wind, lack of sleep? Then refresh and soothe them the quick, *easy* way — use Murine.

WHAT IS MURINE?

Murine is a scientific blend of seven ingredients — safe, gentle, and oh, so soothing! Just use two drops in each eye. *Right away* Murine goes to work to *relieve* the discomfort of *tired, burning* eyes. Start using Murine today.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

SOOTHES AND REFRESHES

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

MATCH TRICK

Sire:

Your bicyclist (LIFE, May 25) who tried unsuccessfully to light a cigaret while riding should learn how to open and close a matchbook, take out a match and light it, all with one hand. I demonstrate in this photographic sequence how it can be done.

LESTER ROBBINS

Brooklyn, N. Y.





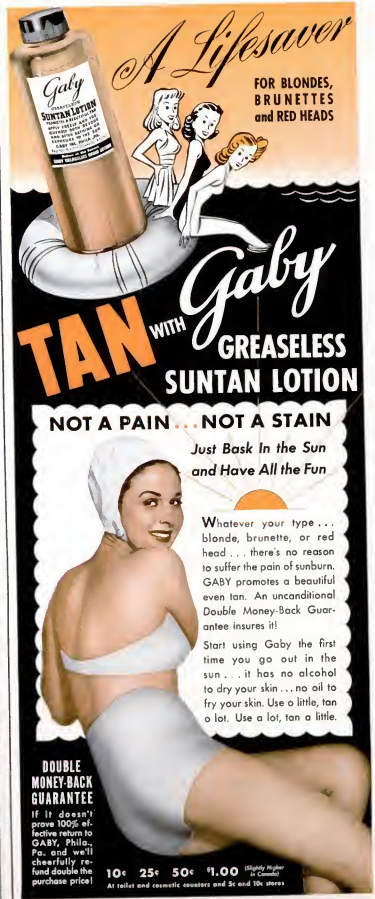






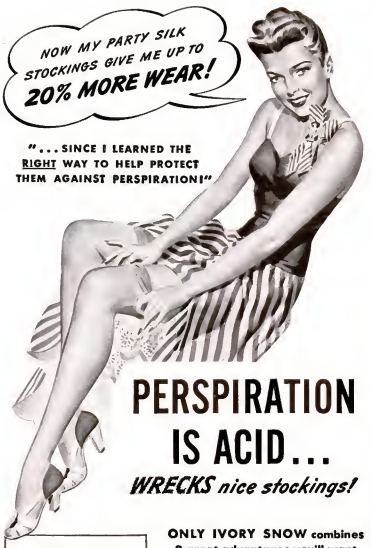


CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



NOW MY PARTY SILK STOCKINGS GIVE ME UP TO 20% MORE WEAR!

"... SINCE I LEARNED THE RIGHT WAY TO HELP PROTECT THEM AGAINST PERSPIRATION!"



PERSPIRATION IS ACID...

WRECKS nice stockings!

THE TWO ADVANTAGES ONLY IVORY SNOW GIVES YOU



1. It's Ivory pure—wonderfully safe for all your fine washables.

2. It's made in tiny, pure-white "snowdrops." Dissolves in cool water about 4 times faster than any popular soap in this form.

Ivory Snow acts surely against acid perspiration to help stockings L-A-S-T!



TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. ● PROCTER & GAMBLE

ONLY IVORY SNOW combines 2 great advantages you'll want in guarding against this danger!

● Here's how to get up to 20% more wear from those precious silk stockings of yours—how to get looger life for your new rayons too: Simply avoid carelessness—remove dangerous acid perspiration *every day* with Ivory Snow!

But, *be sure* you use Ivory Snow—the *only* soap that combines two advantages you'll want in fighting acid perspiration (see left).

Ivory Snow is a new, different fine-fabric soap. Not a flake—not a powder. Dainty "snowdrops" of pure soap give rich, thorough-cleansiog suds. A quick 2-minute daily sudsing with Ivory Snow will help you get up to 20% extra stockiog wear!

Miss Ivory Snow Tells

THE 1-2-3 WAY TO MAKE THOSE DELICATE NEW RAYONS WEAR LONGER!

1. Don't be careless—wash them in pure Ivory Soow suds after every wearing. Be sure to handle gently.

2. Avoid hot water—it's easy to get rich suds in *cool* water with Ivory Snow.

3. All-rayon stockings, and stockings in which rayon is combiued with other fibres (silk, cotton, nylon), must be *thoroughly dry* before wearing.



RICH SUDS IN JUST 3 SECONDS—EVEN IN COOL WATER! 99 44/100% PURE

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

TORNADO HANDIWORK

Sirs:

You may be interested in seeing what a tornado did to a power line when it hit near Indianola, Miss. Linemen identified the wire as 110,000-volt, with steel core and six aluminum strands. The picture shows it forced apart by the wind and spread into a loop design. As the fury of the wind diminished, the designs were formed farther apart.

E. J. HOSCH

Indianola, Miss.



SEQUEL

Sirs:

Two years ago I saw a dingy pile of gray stone blocks standing before the Federal Trade Commission Building in Washington, sensed a work of art was in the offing and took a snapshot of it (*below, left*). I watched for developments and felt sure I was right when a little house was erected over the stones shortly after the picture was taken. A few weeks ago my patience was rewarded. The house was torn down and I was able to take the picture at right showing what an artist can do to a few blocks of stone.

HOMER G. MAPLE

Washington, D. C.





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ROLLING TO VICTORY

IN MILL.. ON RAIL!

UPON STEEL the nation depends for its guns, tanks, ships, plane engines.

Upon railroads steel depends for its raw materials and the movement of finished products.

Steel production is at one of its highest points in history. Railroads are making records for tonnages carried. So the men who make the steel and the men who move it are coming through in true American fashion.

Pennsylvania Railroad is proud of its part in this program. Yet speeding war output is only part of our wartime job. Our passenger facilities must also move troops and business men engaged in wartime production. So demands on all of our equipment are extremely heavy.

To the best of our ability, we shall continue to provide fast, dependable travel for everyone. But should you occasionally encounter any inconvenience, please remember our main efforts are—and must be—dedicated to the cause of Victory.

DEPENDABLE PASSENGER SERVICE. *Pennsylvania Railroad operates a fleet of daily trains serving New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit, Cleveland, Baltimore, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Washington, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Louisville, Columbus, Toledo, Akron, Dayton and many other cities.*

Pennsylvania Railroad

SERVING THE NATION

* *Buy United States Savings Bonds and Stamps*

Shop-at-Home this Summer

WITH REALSILK



Are you familiar with Realsilk's expanded Shop-at-Home Service?

This summer, for instance, Realsilk brings you dresses, playsuits, slacks, as well as fine lingerie and hosiery. What is more, Realsilk brings them right to you, wherever you are, whenever you say.

This is a most sensible way to shop—in these times especially. You plan your buying so you make no mistakes. You make your selections from smart New York designed styles—exclusive models created only for Realsilk and in keeping with the government's new regulations on women's apparel.

When you use Realsilk's Shop-at-Home Service you can be certain you're right. You shop right in your own home. You have no car to take out, no trolley or bus to catch, no walking to do, no bundles to carry home.

There's a specially trained Realsilk Representative ready and waiting to bring our new Shop-at-Home Service right to your door.



One of Realsilk's exclusive summer dress styles created by foremost New York designers. A gay tropical print of fine rayon and spun rayon broadcloth.



No more hanging shirttails with this blouse n' pantie combination of multi-filament rayon crepe. Tailored blouse. Panties perfectly cut for comfort. Wear with slacks (as shown) or skirt.

Realsilk's new Slip n' Pantie—the perfect one-piece "underall" for slacks, suits and culottes. Made of fine rayon crepe. It's another example of Realsilk's distinctive lingerie service.

Realsilk Hosiery features the newest in styles, material and shades of the same high quality that has made Realsilk the "greatest name in hosiery" for more than twenty years.



This is the crowded "trolley" you don't have to take when you shop with Realsilk. To bring Realsilk's Shop-at-Home Service right to your door, just call the Realsilk branch sales office in your city, listed under Real Silk Hosiery Mills. A representative will call at your convenience.

New Selling Opportunity—Many of our representatives have been called to the colors. This opens many territories for high-type men and women, not needed for war production. For details write Dept. L-76, Real Silk Hosiery Mills, Inc., Indianapolis, Indiana.

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